

THE LITTLE BUFFALO ROBE



RUTH EVERETT BECK



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“The Yanktonai is carrying me to the others of his tribe”

THE
LITTLE BUFFALO ROBE

BY
RUTH EVERETT BECK

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DEDICATED TO
MY FATHER, MY MOTHER,
AND THE OMAHA AMERINDS
RUTH EVERETT BECK

February, 1914.

FULL PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

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THE LITTLE BUFFALO ROBE

CHAPTER I



Metuningi

I AM Tun-in-gi-na. My name is long for I am a child of the Ma-has.* My name means something about the new moon.

My father is called Village Maker and my mother is called Me-tun-in-gi. Her name means something about the new moon. My father says she is the handsomest squaw in our tribe. I have seen many women

of the Poncas. I have seen some women of the Yanktonais, but my mother is more beautiful than any of the others. She is strong, too. She has a

* Omahas.

good head. Even the braves stop to listen to her words when in the council she wishes to talk. We have seven brave men who meet and talk with the Wa-kon-dah, the Great Spirit, before our people go on the hunt or on the war trail. But they often call my mother to speak before them. One day a little friend told me my mother was a woman of mystery. I do not know. But she has a good head.

When the buffaloes are all gone then the red men will die unless we learn another way to live. The red men always kill enough buffalo for food and leave the great herds that more young ones may grow. But the white men come in great numbers. They kill many buffalo that spoil on the ground. They eat only a little. Soon the herds will all be gone. So my father says I must go to the stone lodge where the white men teach their way to live and eat.

"I wish to stay in the tipi. I am a red child. I do not wish to be white," I say.

"Thou wilt not be white. Thou wilt only learn their ways."

"But I have much to learn here, my father, my *da'-di-ha*, I must learn to go for wood; I must learn to make the red and yellow and black dye for the

quill work; I must learn to make moccasins and dresses; I must learn to tan robes; I must learn to care for the garden and to cook beans and buffalo fat and corn."

"Thou wilt learn to make a thing they call candy. It is sweet like honey."

"I like better the *um'-bag-the*," I say to my father, for all Indian children of my tribe like the *um'-bag-the*. You must boil corn and beans in one cooking pot for a long time, then set it out to cool and get hard in the night. In the morning it tastes very good if you slice it. I know I like *um'-bag-the* better than candy which is like honey.

But because all red children do what the father and mother think best, I must go to the stone lodge to learn the way of the white man. My father and mother talk much and go to the earth-house where our people go to make medicine. Then they tell me I am not to go to the stone house of the people whose skin is of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk, till a winter has passed by. I am of very glad heart when they say this to me, for I want to be with my people when they go on the summer buffalo hunt. If my father tells it straight, there will soon be no

buffaloes to hunt, and I do not want to give up our nice life. I do not want to live in a dark, stone house and learn the ways of the pale faces. I run out all day long. I am so happy today that my face is like the sunshine as I walk beside my mother who is going with many other women to gather food. Many good roots are found to eat during this moon-in-which-nothing-happens. The next moon is the one-in-which-they-plant.* So we gather the bulbs of the lily to boil without meat. After the cold winter moons when we have cooked much buffalo meat with dried corn and beans, the lily bulbs are very good to the mouth. The milk weeds have not sent us stems long enough to cook yet, but I shall watch that I be the first to bring them into camp when the Wa-kon-dah makes them grow tall enough. We are all happy. We all chew the bark of the slippery elm.

The rain has gone back into the sky which has a wonderful blue color today. The sun shines. I wander away to a pleasant spot on the hillside for I wish to get the round plant † that springs up after a heavy rain. It looks like tripe and we like to eat it.

* May.

† Mushroom—"looks-like-tripe."

We are all hungry for new food. I do not know how far my moccasins take me but when I look for my mother I do not see her! I walk till my moccasins are tired. Then I think I will go to the top of the highest hill so that I may see the circle of tipis. My



moccasins get so tired I think I will rest them. I am hungry and water comes into my eyes. I lie down on the earth and because I am tired I am sleep hungry. A big snake crawls past me but I lie quiet and he goes away. The white and gray clouds chase each other across the sky like boys playing a game. I forget all about the food that looks like tripe and my eyes close. I go to many places in my dreams and in one very bad dream I find a big Yanktonai-Sioux

brave carrying me away in his arms. Over my mouth is tied a piece of soft deerskin. It is dirty and I try to bite it and spit it out but the Yanktonai brave only laughs at me. I try to waken but find *it is true!* The Yanktonai is carrying me to the others of his tribe. Then I know that unless some of my people miss me and come to find me, I shall be carried away to their camping grounds and shall never see my father and mother again.

Maybe they will kill me. I weep, but they only laugh and speak in a tongue I do not know. Sometimes they say a word that sounds like our talk but I do not know what they say. The one who holds me on his saddle has a good face. He laughs much. One is stupid like the owl. I know he will not hurt me unless the third one, who has a face like an angry winter sky, tells him to. Then he will do it for he has no head of his own. To myself I call the brave who found me "Kage*," which means friend. If they try to kill me I will put my arms around his neck as I do about the neck of my father.

We ride fast toward where-cold-comes-from. As the sun goes to sleep I grow chilly so Kage puts his

* Kah'-gay.

blanket around both of us. I do not hate him yet. He has only stolen me. He has not killed any of my sisters nor my father and mother. And I know they will not kill me. Nobody carries a child on the back of a pony only to kill it at the end of the journey. It is too much trouble. So I begin to wonder what they *are* going to do with me. I try to look back so I may run home on the same trail if I get away. Then they all laugh and make signs that say I have a good head, but they cover my eyes with a robe so I cannot see. At this I laugh to myself for if they were to set me down in the midst of the lonesome prairie at night time I would look at the sky and find the Star-That-Moves-Not. Then I would go away from that star, towards my people. But the Yanktonais think nobody but a man child has head enough to do *that*!

So when we sleep that night I see the Yanktonais all three sleep. They think we are all too far away from my people for them ever to catch us. When they all sleep I try to hold my eyes open. I think I shall steal away. Kage has taken all the ropes that bound me from my hands and feet. As they made camp they let me run and play. They know I fear the wild animals that run about in the time of new

growing. So I hold my eyes wide open. Kage sees me and he laughs. Then I know his thoughts. He thinks I want to run away, but he thinks, too, that I am so little I shall be sleep hungry.

It is no longer raining. The many stars come out in the big, wide sky. Unless you have slept out on the prairie you do not know how big and wide the sky is. I see the white path across it. I know it is white because the spirits of all my people who have left us are passing that way. I wonder if I shall soon have my moccasins in that path. If I try to get away a hungry wolf may catch me. Then I shiver for there will be none of my people to keep a fire kindled on my grave for the first four nights after I die. My spirit will not know where to go. And while I am thinking about it the little star that looks in my eye winks and winks. . . . I close my eyes! . . . Suddenly I hear the ponies moving and open my eyes and see Kage eating jerked meat from his pack. Then I know that I have been asleep all night; that it is morning again, and that by the time the sun has again gone to bed I shall be many moccasins away from my people. So I weep again; the rain is in my eyes and a pain in my throat. Kage says words in the

Yanktonai tongue but they are good words. They are like the voice of a squaw. Then he looks ashamed as the others smile. So he takes me up roughly but I know he has a good heart for me. He will not harm me unless he feels that I am too much trouble to carry. So I wonder if he will leave me to be eaten by wolves or if he will beat me to death with his war club before they go on. Then I grow cold as the thought is in my head so I put my arms tighter about his neck. He laughs a low little laugh and says words in voice like a young brave speaking to a little dog that he loves. So I smile in his face. I am not afraid of him so long as I can keep the other two from laughing.

When we eat again that night the one with the owl face goes to the top of a hill and lies down, looking, looking all about for signs that talk. He must know if unfriendly Indians are near. If he sees any, his robe or his hands will talk to his two friends very fast. They build a fire. Then Kage goes out with his bow and arrow to shoot some birds. It is growing chilly so I put my hands out towards the blaze of the oak twigs. As I stand so with my little beaded moccasins near to the fire I smell scorching leather and I look down. Then I remember how my mother has just

finished the work on them in the winter moons, and again the rain comes to my eyes. Then Angry Face



Angry Face

makes one ugly grunt like a bear in the time of new growing things, like a bear that is wakened from the long winter sleep so that he is sleep hungry and belly hungry. Then numpa, the fear, comes to my heart and I make the child's war cry. He raises a club to strike me. His eyes are cruel.

There is the kill in them. But he is heavy like the fat buffalo. I am a thin little Ma-ha weasel. I move quickly to one side. The club strikes the fire and makes the sparks and ashes fly out all about like fire flies on the tree in the wet lands on a summer night. Then my heart whispers, "Swift moccasins!" So I run. But tho' I run fast he gains on me. I know he will catch me so I wait till he is almost upon me, then I again jump to one side. He is like an angry buffalo bull with an arrow in his side. He has charged and missed. Again he charges and I gather all my little strength

to keep running and dodging till Kage comes back, for I know he will not let Angry Face kill me. I do not want to walk on the four days journey alone! Bad spirits may get me. Then I do not want to die. The Wa-kon-dah put me here that I might one day be a big squaw; that a strong brave might one day play a love call on his flute for me—for me and for no other maid. Then we would have our own tipi in the moons of summer and a lodge for the winter moons. The Wa-kon-dah made me that in our lodge should be many children to be happy in the beautiful world; to love the big blue sky when the sun walks; to know the mighty mystery when the water falls from the skies and the Thunder Bird speaks; to know all the birds, all the animals, all the creeping things of earth; to dream in the pleasant mystery of the dusk,—“the-face-hidden-in-the-darkness,” we call it.

So the fight is in my heart to stay here. The Wa-kon-dah is not ready for me to go to the land of ghosts. It is not time. Then I stop still. I raise my hand. I call to him as I have heard my father do. And as I call the Thunder Voices roar across the sky and Angry Face stops a moment. We have run from the fire. I catch the breath that has gone from me

but I let my eyes rest on him all the while. He is Yanktonai. It may be he does not fear the Thunder Voice. It speaks to the Ma-has but I do not know whether the ears of the Yanktonai know that tongue.

Again he starts but again I jump to one side. I am like the game of bowl and counters—the game of *i'-u-tin*.^{*} He cannot guess where I will be. His face grows more like the angry sky.

Even now I can feel that heavy hand on my long black braids of hair. As he pulls me to the earth I think that my braids have not been freshly braided for two sun walks. And I know that he will kill me so I close my eyes and have no tears; no pain in the throat. I will go as the braves go. But the club does not fall and my hair is no longer pulled. I hear a soft moccasin, then a quick angry voice. It says no words. It makes only one quick sound as a bear growls. So I open my eyes.

It is Kage! I do not clap my hands. It is not the custom of my people. I sit up. I look. It is good to my eyes to see the fight. My only fear is that Kage will not win! But I smile when I think of how I have tired the old fat buffalo by making him run!

^{*} e'-oo-tin.

Kage is tall and thin and fresh with muscles like those of a wild animal.—Yes, he beats Angry Face. I wonder why he does not kill him! Then I know it is not to be so. I am only a little Ma-ha captive. A Yanktonai will not kill another for a little captive maid. But Kage gives a cry that says “Ahai!—Touch not the little captive again. She is mine.” Kage is young. I can tell that. He has never had a lodge. I think he will have a lodge soon, for when a young brave is good to a little child I have heard the old women say he will soon have a lodge.

Then we all go back to the camp fire. We cook the birds Kage has killed. Each bird is put on a little stick and held over the coals. Kage laughs and lets me hold one. Angry Face lets his eyes talk to his moccasins. He eats his bird almost raw, then walks to the hill top to be the eyes for us while the Owl eats. When the Owl comes his eyes ask questions. He has seen the fight. But he says no word. The red men use few lip words. They read much from signs. They speak with silence. So I look into the face of Kage. His eyes speak the look I give to my little dog. I know he will take good care of me. I would not let any one kill my little dog.

As the-face-hidden-in-darkness comes on we all camp together. Kage puts me inside his robe, close to him, for the night is cold. But I saw the look in his eyes in the firelight and I know what he fears. He fears I will try to escape. He fears that Angry Face will catch me.

The firelight grows softer and softer; a big silence filled with noises comes over us and is all about us. I hear the frogs croak in the marshlands; hear the clamor of the great flocks of geese disturbed by some hungry beast; once a coyote howls because he has failed to find the nest of *shu*, the prairie chicken. He is hungry. I like the voice of the coyote. It sounds big and long and ripples all over the great stillness of night time on the prairie like a rock thrown into big, still water. Yet I fear the howl of the coyote, so I creep closer to Kage. He is like a squaw. He holds me closer to his side. I put my little brown hand on the face of Kage and I know he is pleased as I am pleased when my little dog licks my hand. And when I think of my little dog I weep softly and Kage strokes my hair. I think it is sad that Kage is of the Yanktonai. I wish he were a Ma-ha.

In the deep night my eyes open. All the stars have

gone to sleep. The sky is dark like the hair of our people. I put out my hand to take hold of the darkness. It is so black I think it is a robe. It feels wet. But it is not the rain wet. It is different. I try to pretend that I am too warm. I do not try to steal away. I roll over and push the robe angrily from me. I know it will waken Kage. I hope to get outside the robe. Then when he again gets sleep hungry I will steal away.

Kage puts his hand out too. I wonder if he knows it is in my head to escape in the mist? We call it the-smoke-on-the-earth. But he lets me lie outside the robe.

A cold like the chill of the dead from the swamp land creeps through my bones. I am too cold to be sleep hungry again. Kage will sleep before I do. It is warm inside his robe. Sometimes I want to crawl back but when I think of that I know that every day I get further and further from my people; that it will be harder to find my way back; that tonight they cannot follow me, and that because Angry Face is tired he sleeps as the bear sleeps in the winter moons.

It is time for me to escape. This I know. But it

is lonesome and the darkness is full of fears. I do not like to leave Kage now. I listen to his breathing. Yes, he is asleep. I could move away quietly and escape. But I am so cold I cannot move fast. I cannot see where my moccasins will take me. I have no dried meat nor parched corn with me. I may starve. My little bones may have so little meat on them in a few sun walks that even a starved coyote would not eat me. My buckskin suit would be too much trouble to tear open for the bag of bones beneath! So I grow sad for myself, the little Ma-ha girl so far away from her people! The pain comes in my neck but I make it go away. It makes me weak. So I get a strong heart and stand up softly, softly—for I must not awaken Kage. I wish I might see his good face once more. I want to pat it and to ask Kage to go back with me to my people and be a Ma-ha. But I know that would be bird chatter to say that. I keep only the thought words. I try to walk. At first I am cold and stiff but when I find I am really away from them my moccasins are glad to go fast; one after another, faster and faster.

CHAPTER II



BUT after a while I think it is better to go slowly. It will make me last longer.

My father says we must not eat all our buffalo meat in one day or we shall be hungry for many days.

So I walk more slowly, but I am still cold. I almost wish I were lying warm and sleepy beside Kage, inside his warm buffalo robe. I think much about his good face. After my moccasins have eaten many trails I see that the sun is fighting to get up. But the mist, the-smoke-on-the-earth holds him back. Then I know the mist is my friend. It is hiding me from the Yanktonais. The mist helps me because the Thunder Beings have told it to help me. I am a Ma-ha. My father's prayer smoke and the prayer smoke of On-pon* the Elk, have had an answer! My heart is quiet.

* Ong'-pong.

But my little belly is empty. It rattles against my ribs. My mouth is hungry for the *um'-bag-the*. In my mind I see the plant that looks like tripe in the cooking pot. I can almost smell the stew of the tender duck cooked with it. At last I sit down. I am so tired. My moccasins say, "No more for a time."

But the cold goes through me, through my bones. Again I weep but I weep softly for I do not know where I am. It may be that I have not gone far. It may be that they will catch me. Yet my head tells me that they are just now opening their eyes. I stop to think of how surprised Kage will be when he awakens and sees only his dream of me, a little Ma-ha girl in his eyes! Then I think of the bad look in the eyes of Angry Face. I wonder if Kage will think *he* has stolen me and fight him for it.—No; when the sun shines Kage will look for signs. He will not find any! The mist has been almost like rain. It has washed away my light moccasin tracks. They cannot follow me. But Kage can see by the marks at his side that Angry Face has not taken me.

I wish the sun would smile out of the sky to get me warm, but if it does, they may see me. Again I stand and try to walk to get warm. The sun shines enough

so I can see a few moccasin steps in front of me. I find a big hole. It is big enough for me to hide in but what is inside? I hear strange little whining noises. Baby wolves! If Mother Wolf is near I would almost rather take my chances with Angry Face!—No; if she has food she will be kind to me. Only man kills when he does not need food.

What is that sound I hear? The little wolves hear it, too, for they stop their whining as their mother has told them to do before she left. (I know now she is gone for food or she would have stood bristling at the mouth of the hole at the sound I hear).

It is the war cry of the feet of ponies! I lie down flat in the black hole. Through the mist comes the war song of the feet of the ponies. My eyes go hunting. The sound comes nearer. Through the mist, the smoke-of-the-earth, I see three great ponies with giant riders. I think of myself as one of the little ones of the prairies. They call them the *ga-ja-zhe*. They lead the people astray. I am leading the Yanktonais astray. They do not see me. They come closer and closer. They do not ride fast. The ponies cannot see the gopher holes. They might step in and break their legs. I draw back into the shadow

but as they pass so close I almost touch them I see that Kage's head is bowed. I know he misses me. He fears the animals will get me or that I may starve. I fear it, too, but I am a Ma-ha. I must not run out to him. So slowly, slowly I see the great shapes fade away, away, swallowed up by my friend the mist sent to help me by the Thunder Beings.



Mother Wolf

They are gone. The pain comes in my neck again and I whine like the little wolves I hear inside. I am so cold and so hungry I forget to fear the mother wolf. The water comes to my eyes and I crawl back to the wolf *zhinga-zhingas* and get myself warm with their soft furry little hides. At

first they draw back but soon they tumble over and about me like little dogs. They lick my face and hands. I am so sleep hungry I lie down but I keep saying to myself that I must not sleep for Mother Wolf may come home. She will be as angry as a hostile Yanktonai. Yet it is so warm in there after the cold outside that I find myself thinking I may as well trust her because I am *ka'-ge* to her children,—her *zhinga-zhingas*—as to let hunger and cold kill me.

She comes home. I have slept. I do not have to open my eyes to know that the yellow eyes are shining on me. I can feel her hot breath on my face. I can hear the little ones jumping and pawing about her to get their milk. They paw me and lick me. I feel her sniff me. By that time the little ones have pawed and licked me so much that I have the smell of a wolf. But I think I shall keep on sleeping. My moccasins are still tired and my bones ache. I smell fresh meat as she drops something on one side of the hole near me. Then she throws herself down and the little ones fight for places to get their milk. I sleep again.

After a time I hear soft movements. She sniffs

me again. This time she licks me. My hair stands stiff as the quills of the little hedgehog. Maybe she will eat me! She is big and strong! But I smell too much like the cubs. She goes out. Then I open my eyes. The little ones are all full of belly. They sleep. I reach out and take the dirty scraps of raw rabbit flesh that still cling to the bones in the corner. They are better than the *um'-bag-the* to my mouth! Then I get up and look out of the mouth of the cave. It is sun high. It is warm outside. The smoke-on-the-earth is gone. The sky is blue like the flower of the water flags. I wish to go to a hill top and lie down and dream in the stillness. Little grass birds are building their nests. I stand up and look about. Which way are the tipis of my people? It is a long way for little moccasins to eat. I must not go in the wrong direction. I think: The three Yanktonais must have ridden toward their people. They are riding toward where-cold-comes-from. So I must travel south,—“toward-the-heat,” we say. But I must look for more food and find a trail which will give me a soft place to sleep to-night. It will be cold. Again I wonder if it was wise to leave Kage. But it is too late to wear sad looks. I must go on. The

Thunder Beings will help me. But I hope they will not speak at night time.

I find I am on the top of a high hill. The moccasins of my eyes can travel far. My head tells me what trail to take. Far away I can see the big river. We call it "They-who-come-floating-down-dead." Once many bodies of a strange tribe came floating past the tipis of the Ma-has. The water is muddy and looks like the Angry Face. I know my people are on the side of it towards where the sun goes to sleep and I know, too, that we have traveled toward the Star-That-Moves-Not. I cannot see the star now but I know the Yanktonais went toward it, so I shall go the other way.

Down in the valley I see a little pool of blue marsh water. Many water birds are in it. They catch the frogs and snakes that live there. Maybe I should go there to get the roots that orphan boys eat,* but I must not leave the hill trail so long. I must make my moccasins travel toward the tipis of my people. I must find food on the hills. There is nothing I can kill for I have no bow and arrows, I have nothing to make fire with. I have not yet

* Artichoke roots.

learned to rub two sticks together as the older people do. I know that all I can find to eat is the roots of a plant called the *nug'-the*. As soon as I see any of it growing I shall take a stick or a sharp piece of stone and dig some roots. I can peel them with my teeth. It grows almost everywhere and is good from the time of new growing things till the cool winter moons come. In the lodges much of it is dried to cook then. But that does not help the pain in my belly *now*. I am so hungry. But my stout moccasins travel on.

At last my eyes see trees growing. The sun has been creeping to the under-world and I wonder if I can hide in a tall tree to sleep to-night so I make my moccasins go faster and faster. As I come nearer to the trees I see a herd of antelope going down past them to drink so I know there is water near. I want some. The antelope look at me but they do not run away. I am only another new animal. They look me over curiously and come very near. Then they eat the tender shoots of the trees along the stream. I wonder where they will sleep. They cannot take me in as the mother wolf did. I think of how warm and safe I was in Kage's arms. I

wish for Kage. I am even lonesome for the wolf hole and the cubs. When I reach the tree I climb into the high branches. They are very thick and I find an old robe up there. At first I am afraid it may have been wrapped around the dead body of a Yanktonai for they place their dead in trees. I look below for bones before I touch it. I am cold with fear. If a ghost comes near me I shall leave the tree and cross the little stream, for a ghost will not cross water. I am so cold and afraid I jump suddenly when I hear a cry behind me in the tree. I forget that I am in a tree and I fall to the earth. O, how it makes my hungry bones hurt! A deer coming on still moccasins to water runs as if a wildcat is on his trail. I dare not look up again. It may be a Yanktonai ghost. Besides, the sun has made the earth hot so I like to lie there. But as the time goes on I look up. I must see for if there is no ghost I shall use the robe. Then I laugh because I am foolish. It is the bluejay who has a nest there! She is angry. She thinks I will take the eggs from her nest. I speak her tongue. So I know that because I am so afraid I cannot tell bird talk from ghost talk. I climb back into the

tree. I crawl out on to the limb where the blue-jay's nest is. I have to hit the bird with a stick for she tries to bite my eyes out. But I eat all her eggs. She can lay more. I am very hungry. After



that I take some of the pretty long fringes from my buckskin suit and tie the robe to some branches so I may lie on it and cover it over me. I can see that some one has hid-

den in the tree while those who hunted him lost his trail. Then I see that he does not need the robe when he comes down, or it may be that they have shot him with an arrow and that he has fallen.—All I know is I have the robe. So I fall asleep. No dreams come to me. I rest. When the sun walks again I open my eyes. At first I wonder why I am up in a tree. Then I remember. The day is bright. I am glad because I can now make my moccasins go fast. I untie the robe and let it fall to the earth. Then I jump down after it. The robe is a small one and I think I shall carry it with me. Though I am

afraid of wild animals I take off my buckskin garment and moccasins and bathe in the little stream. The water is cold but I rub myself dry with some old dry grass that still stands; then I run around fast like a little wolf playing, till I am dry. I put my buckskin garment on once more and dragging my buffalo robe after me I start on the trail. From the tree top I saw a bunch of grass on the prairie not many moccasin tracks away, and I start for that. So I know what to find there. I saw *shu*, the prairie chicken, rest there last night with her man-prairie chicken to guard the nest. So I know there will be eggs there. She sees me stealing up, tho' I leave the hide lying by the trail and walk on soft moccasins. But she does not move. She thinks I may not see her. But I am at last upon her. She flies away with a whirr of her wings and a sad little cry. My heart is sad for her, too. But my belly is full of hunger pain for me, so I take some of her eggs and eat them. I would like to carry some with me for I do not like to waste time hunting for food. But my hands are small and it is all I can do to drag the small robe which is still too heavy for me. So I leave the eggs, and my moccasins again take up

the trail. I feel better. I am strong again like a brave. My little belly is fat with good food.

Far off on many ridges of hills I see wolves and coyotes trotting; a herd of antelope sniff at me from the other side of the stream but when I go on they quietly feed again. I am beginning to feel brave. I have walked long. The sun is sinking to the underworld. Nothing can harm me—when suddenly I see a shape crawling and crouching along the trail far in front of me. It has not yet seen me for it is stalking a young deer ahead of it. The wind comes from them to me. I smell them but they cannot smell me. It is a wild cat. If he gets his deer I am safe, but if he misses he will surely eat me. Yet there is nowhere to hide. I see no cave—and if I did he could crawl in after me. If I climb a tree he can climb it, too. It is growing chilly and I am glad I have dragged my heavy robe all the way. I shall not sleep cold—if I am alive to sleep at all. I go to one side of the trail so the wildcat will not see me. Then I see something which makes my heart beat fast. Ashes! They are fresh so I know somebody has camped there not many sun walks past. I look for tracks. When I find them I see two

little marks behind each moccasin track. So I know it is Winnebagoes who have camped there. The Big Voices, our people call them. I do not like this. If they catch me I shall weep that I did not stay with Kage and grow up to be a Yanktonai. The Big Voices are big of face and big of belly. I like better the straight, thin people like the Yanktonais and the Ma-has. So many trails lead out from the camp my little moccasins are very tired before I find out at last which way they have gone. They seem to have gone on ahead of me. I do not like this, yet I must follow. It is on the trail towards my people.

Again I am hungry but I have no food. So I look about and find a few roots of the *nug-the*. I dig them with a little stick and peel them with my teeth. I am afraid to go to the stream for water for this is the time when all the animals drink. Then my eyes have glad looks for I find a gourd of water which one of the Big Voices has forgotten. I drink it and put the gourd in my belt. Even a Big Voice has been my friend, so I know my father's prayer smoke is strong.

I see two holes in the corners of the robe so I

find a big stick with a hooked branch cut off short near one end. I will drag it by that. It will be easier. Just as I go to pick up my robe I hear a hiss and I raise my stick to strike. I know that sound. The rattlesnake has crawled into my robe that he may sleep warm. He has been disturbed so he springs at me but I jump to one side. It is good for me that I did this much when I got away from Angry Face. Then I hit the rattlesnake hard on the head and hurt him. But I do not kill him so he is very angry. Then I call to the Wakon-dah and pick up a heavy stone. I throw it at his head.

Then I walk on again dragging my robe. Where shall I sleep? The sun has gone to the underworld and soon it will be very dark. I am afraid to go into a tree for it is now the time of the face-hidden-in-darkness. Some animal may be hiding there. I fear to sleep on the trail or to hunt a wolf's den for the other snake may follow me and bite me. So my moccasins go on and on till at last I wrap my robe about me and close my eyes. I sleep till again the sun comes up. There is no smoke near me and I have not been eaten by wild animals. I

cross many streams and my moccasins go far before I think I must eat again. Then I see a thing that makes me stop still and look all about for signs. On the far side of the next hill must be a camp for I see a small feather of smoke from their camp-fire creeping to the sky. I must hide! I must be careful! I look on all the ridges about me for scouts. But if they are there I cannot see them. They will be hidden in the long grass or lying behind boulders. I do not sit down and weep tho' it is in my heart to do it. Softly I creep to the top of the hill and look down. Up, up comes the smoke. Then I see a long story, so again I look all about from my hiding place in the tall dead grass. There are no people near yet the camp fire *has not been killed!* All the people of the prairies put water on the camp fire when they leave. If they do not the Wind Beings flap their blankets on it and make it blaze up and set the prairie on fire. Then it gallops like a herd of buffalos and kills all in its path. So I know that the ones who camped there have been driven away by something. Is it by their enemies or by wild animals? Softly I creep nearer leaving my robe on the ridge, hidden in the grasses. I

look at all the signs. The fire has been left a long time ago. The people ran away very fast for they left a rabbit cooking on the coals. I take it up and eat the little meat that is not too badly burned. Then I grow very brave and happy. Here is a good fire. I shall put more wood upon it and make it flame up high. That will keep all the wild animals away. They fear the fire. I do not believe any more people will come. If they do I can do nothing. With tired moccasins I go back over the top of the ridge to get my robe on the other side. I cannot find it! I am sure I know where I left it! I look toward-where-the-cold-comes-from. I do not see the robe. I look toward-where-the-sun-rises. I do not see the robe. I look toward-where-the-sun-sets and toward-the-heat, but the robe *is not there*.

There is much fear in my heart. Some one is near. Some one has taken it. I go back and stand still on the top of the ridge with *numpu*, the fear, in my heart. As I stand I hear a rustle in the grass behind me. I do not cry out. I try to think what the aged ones who tell tales of brave deeds around the winter night lodge fires would do if they stood

here. I stand very still but I know anyone hiding can see me, for the fire blazes high and makes my shadow big like a big ghost. Then I think if a red man watches I will raise my hand high. He will know I am a friend. So I raise my hand high. There is no answer. So I say: "It is some wild animal. Why does he not eat me?" My father would raise his voice and call "Wa-kon-dah," but women do not call that name. A woman prays in her heart. But I think out here alone I am a brave. I shall call the name of the Great Spirit. So I raise my hands as I have seen my father do and I say in voice that begs, "Wa-kon-dah!" For a long time I stand in the same way. My hands are still raised to the sky.

The cool night wind crawls about in the grass at my feet. My hair has come unbraided so the wind tosses it about and makes a strange shadow on the ground. Yet no man or animal comes to take me.—Again I hear a sound. It is like the sounds of making camp. Then the fear in my heart of men is nothing. The fear of wild animals is nothing, for I fear I am in a ghost camp! I have heard many tales of ghost camps! One time On-pon

the Elk told of a hunt. He was separated from the tribe for he had been sent out as a runner to look for signs of the buffalo, to look for signs of the enemy, to be the eyes of the tribe. A ghost followed him. He could not see it. He could feel that it was near. At last he saw people making camp. So he said "What people are these? Their dress is strange. I will make the sign of friendship." So he raised his hand. The people did not turn their eyes on him. They made no sign. They put up the lodge poles; they tied the ponies. On-pon put out his hand. He felt nothing. He shot an arrow. It passed through a woman. She went on scraping a deer skin with a *we'-ba-zhabe* to remove the flesh. Then On-pon ran on swift moccasins. He felt the ghost behind him. It came closer. Then On-pon grew cold with fear. So he ran to the stream. It was deep. So he came back to the bank. Again he felt the ghost, so again he went into the water. This time he found a shallow ford. He crossed over. After that he was safe. He did not feel the ghost again. They will not cross water. This is the story On-pon told.

So I fear a ghost has taken my robe; that I am in



“So I raise my hands and I say in voice that begs,
‘Wakondah’ ”

the midst of a ghost camp! I go on swift moccasins back to the warm fire. I fear to look behind me. I do not want to see the ghost of the dead. If his body had been buried his ghost could not walk. I wonder if a wolf or a bear killed him and left his bones on the prairie? Then I hope the Wa-kon-dah will not let *me* be killed and left unburied on the prairie for I do not wish my ghost to walk and put *nump*a, the fear, in the heart of a child alone in the great stillness after the sun has gone to the underworld.

I have no robe, so I hunt in the bushes near the camp fire to see if the one who left it has forgotten a robe. But I do not find one. Then I see something close to the spring which is near. I take it up. My hand shakes like the leaves of the shaking tree, the aspen, for I fear ghosts. Even a brave fears a ghost. I find my friend has left a cooking pot. It is filled with *um'-bag-the*! I do not slice it. I take pieces out with my fingers. I eat as a hungry dog eats. But my little belly is soon full. I cannot hold all the *um'-bag-the* so I think I shall save it till morning. Though I have much fear in my heart I try to sleep by the fire. The fire says strange

words. It speaks in soft voice. It is like my mother and Kage. It warms me. I sleep by its warm side.

After a time I feel cold. It is dark. The fire-light has almost gone to sleep. But the red embers are still there. From the bushes I see two bright moon eyes shining in the dark. The embers are between the bushes and me. I must make the fire shine bright or the animal will jump at me. So I take a stick and poke the coals. The flame starts up and the two bright spots move back into the bushes. But I know I must keep the fire burning till the sun walks again so I gather many twigs and keep the flame bright.

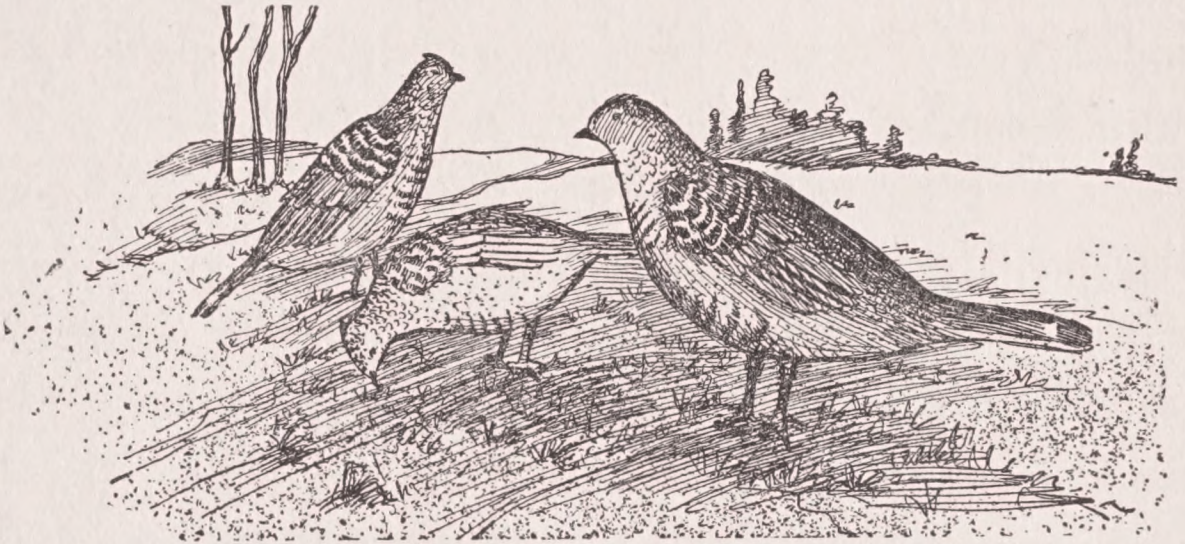
Every time I look I see the bright spots looking at me. I wish the ghost would get the animal. I cannot see its shape. I am so sleep hungry when I get warm again, I wish to let rain fall from my eyes but I must be like a brave.

After a long time the sun sends some red flames into the sky. The birds begin to twitter and sing. A rabbit jumps out of the bushes to get some new buds for food. The animal that has been waiting to see what kind of big rabbit I am, gives me up. He fears my fire so he runs after my little friend.

Now I think I shall eat the rest of the *um'-bag-the* and let my moccasins start on the trail again. So I go to look for the cooking pot. It stands where I left it. There is no food in it! Then I know I am followed by a ghost. All the old people say they like the *um'-bag-the!* That is why this camp was left. Then I think I am more brave than the man who made the camp fire. I have slept there all night. So I stand very straight and feel very brave.

Just then the bushes rustle. The leaves speak. I think I shall go fast. I shall cross water. I do not like to have a ghost so near. He eats all the *um'-bag-the*. I think "But I have no more *um'-bag-the!*" Then I say, "I shall cross the water to clean my feet. My moccasins are now full of holes. They need to rest."

CHAPTER III



I SEIZE my gourd and cooking pot and run on swift moccasins. The day is pleasant. Why will the ghost-fear not leave me? After I have run for a long time I sit down and rest. I am going towards the big water. There is no small stream near. I know strong men are often drowned when they cross the *Ni-u-ta-che* but I must cross it. The ghost will eat all my food if I stay here, so I shall die of the belly famine. No, I must go across. But I have no canoe. If I had one of the skin boats I might get across in that. But there are rapids and whirlpools where monsters whirl around and around after their tails and at last suck you

down. No, I have fear in my heart that the river is worse than the ghost. If only I had the robe to cover my head so I could not hear him whistle at night then I might get food enough to spare so he would not be so restless.

At this time my belly calls for food. It wants *um'-bag-the* but I shall give it the eggs of *shu* if I can find them. There are many tender milkweed stems growing in my path but I have no fire to cook them. If I can find another camp fire left like the one where I found the *um'-bag-the* I can cook the milkweed in my cooking pot, but I have not learned to kindle a fire. I am so little.

Back in the camp of my people is a little pony. He follows me and eats grass from my hand. I lay my head on his side and stroke him. His heart is great for me. If I could get on his back now I could ride to the big water before sun-high, then I could cross it and go on, on toward my people. He would swim and let me swim by his side. But some other child rides my pony now. All my people think I am dead. I know my mother is wailing on the hills; that my father is going alone to a far place on a hill top. There he smokes the prayer smoke to the

Wa-kon-dah. My father will say I am not yet dead. He will take a party and hunt for me. It may be if I climb up in a tall tree I can see on the far horizon a party of Ma-has hunting for me. I may see my little pony being led to carry me back. So I find a tall tree. It is so far for little torn moc-casins to waste time going to the big water to cross it that I do not wish to go just to get away from a wicked ghost. First I will look for my people from a high tree.

By this time I love my gourd and little cooking pot. They are all the friends I have. I lay them down at the foot of the tree. I pat them softly. I say, "*A'-ga-geth*, goodbye, for a little time. I shall come back. Do not be lonesome." So I climb up into the tall tree. It has thick branches. Many birds camp there. They fly away and flutter and chirp. They are like an Indian camp when the enemy is seen. I am of a hostile tribe for I eat their young birds. I do not try to cook them. The hunger pain in my little belly is too great. I eat many little birds. My hands are bloody. I throw the bones down.

Then I look far, far away on the great circle where

the sky comes down to kiss the earth. I see a few buffaloes yonder; they graze peacefully. It is a warm day. The sun is shining. Sometimes the sentinel buffaloes sniff and toss their heads. Then they wait. If no danger is near they grow quiet again. I like to watch them. Suddenly the sentinels throw up their heads again. I can tell by their movements that the bulls snort and stamp. The whole herd seems to move slowly like the big waters of a lake when a soft wind blows. Then the leaders, the old big buffaloes with long hair on their chins start on a trot. I see fear running thro' the herd biting the heels of the young bulls. They follow the leaders. Sometimes a young bull gets frightened and tries to run ahead of the leaders. He finds sharp horns in his side so he goes back to his place. The buffalo people are like the human people. They have leaders and the young men must follow. It may be they have a Council of Seven to say when the herd shall move, as my people have. Some danger is behind them now. I cannot see what it is for they make great clouds of dust-smoke. It may be a prairie fire. It might be the great gray wolves. It is far away so I cannot smell smoke. My eye

moccasins cannot travel far enough to tell clouds from smoke-and-flames, and dust-smoke.

A light wind whistles through the branches and I get cold. I think the ghost whistles. How the hate heart gets into my little body for that ghost! Then a sad thought comes for him. Maybe it is the ghost of a little boy who was stolen by the enemy. Maybe he escaped but died of the belly famine trying to go back to his people. Yes, I am sad for him—but I wish he would not follow when I am alone. I must crawl down from this tree and walk till I come to the big water. I do not know how, but I must cross that water. Just as I start down the wind moans again and makes me cold even though the day is hot, and then what do I hear? Is the ghost speaking? If he is, he is not a Ma-ha! It is *women's voices* that travel on the moccasins of the air to my ears! So I lie quiet and look out between the branches.—Yes, two women are stealing over the top of a hill. They are coming straight toward this tree. They do not belong to my tribe. I cannot see what this means. The moon-in-which-they-plant is here. I can tell by the signs in the sky, by the stars, by the moon.

I look to the earth. O! why did I throw the bones down! Then I think, "They will believe some animal has eaten the young birds and thrown the bones away." But I know this is wren-chatter for they will see my moccasin tracks. They will see my gourd and cooking pot. They will call their men and take me down from the tree and I shall again be a prisoner! O, why did I leave my two little friends alone? Because I left them alone, the cooking pot and the gourd have betrayed me.

Again I look at the far away circle. Over and again I see a speck that rides like a horseman as he pauses for a little time on the highest part of a far hill. Then he will again go down so that my eye moccasins cannot follow him. The buffaloes are still running. Something is behind them. There is a little thicket on the far side of a dry river. I see some little deer feeding on the young shoots of the trees. They are so far away the fawns look like baby rabbits. They are very timid but they are happy. Their mothers and fathers will care for them. Here I am alone in this tree. My hands are dirty and bloody. I look at them. Water from my eyes falls on them. But it is not enough

to make them clean. Then I think of how my father used to look at my hands and say softly in voice like the velvet on the horns of a moose, "*Non-be zhing*a." * Yes, they are "little hands." But he never said those soft words when blood and clay were on them. It was only after I had used the root of the soap-weed and water on them and had



dried them with sweet grass or wild sage. Maybe he would be of such big heart to see me now he would say "*Non-be zhing*a," even to dirty hands!

The women are coming nearer. They keep looking back. Sometimes they run. They seem to fear something behind them—something they cannot see. It may be people behind the hill. From my

* Nong'-be zhing

tree I cannot tell. Then I grow glad for I think it may be my naughty ghost that stole the *um'-bag-the!* Maybe he has found that I cannot cook without a fire and that he may find better things if he follows them. But I soon hear more whistling in my tree so I shut my mouth hard and know that I must be brave. If I get away from the women I shall cross the big water. It looks very angry and yellow now. I do not like to try.

Even though there is much *numpa*, the fear, in my heart, my eyes like to see the faces of the two women. My ears like to hear their voices. They sound better than ghost voices. Yet I do not want them to catch me.

One of the women has on many beads, her robe is trimmed with much fringe; and many elk-teeth are sewed all over the front and back of the shirt. I can see that she has had much paint on her face but it is much smeared. She has been weeping. The other woman is old. Her arms are skinny and wrinkled. Whenever the young woman stumbles, the old woman picks her up roughly and says words to her in angry voice. I can see the younger one has tired moccasins. I fear the old one. Her eyes and

nose are like those of the eagle. I think she could tear me to pieces.

The earth is rocky in spots here so there is no grass. They step from stone to stone, that they may leave no track. It is clear that human beings chase them. Then I grow sick. They will surely be caught! There is trouble. I see it in their faces. I cannot escape. They will surely see me and I shall be killed.

They come nearer the tree. My heart goes *thu!* *thu!* against my ribs. The older woman says many words. The younger one grunts sometimes. Their dress is not like that of our tribe. My ears listen to see what tongue they speak. They are not our kins-people, the Poncas, for the Poncas speak the language of the Ma-has. They are not Pawnees for they wear no scalp lock like a horn. "But they are only women." I think, "They wear no scalp lock. It may be they *are* Pawnees." But again my ears listen. I hear many words that are like the words of my people yet the talk is different. They may be Crows. They may be Assinniboinés. They may be the Tetons, kinsmen of the Yank-tonais. I do not know; but I fear the elder woman.

They are so busy talking about something that they forget to look for signs, except from the direction from which they came. I wish I knew their tongue. They sit down under my tree for the day is warm and they are leg weary. My little gourd and cooking pot hide on the other side of the tree. I sit very still. Maybe they will not see me at all. There is nothing for them to eat here and no place to hide or sleep. Maybe they will go on after they have rested.

They sit down. Water falls from the eyes of the younger woman. I like her. Her face is good. But there is much sorrow in it. It is not like the buffalo lariat. It is like the grass chain. Then Elder Sister takes something from her pack. It is dried buffalo meat and corn. She hands it to Younger Sister who puts a little to one side for some spirit, I think. Then she eats. Elder Sister does the same. Then they rest in silence. Water comes into my mouth for I am very hungry. I am hungry all the time now. I wonder if I shall ever taste the *um'-bag-the* again. When the people go on the summer buffalo meat hunt they always wish to eat only the best parts of the buffalo. But we are

taught to save even the forequarters which is the poorest part of the buffalo. This is that we may not waste it and so suffer one day from no food at all. Now, I wish I had even the forequarter of the poorest old tough buffalo herd leader!

It is sun-high. I wish they would move on. For a time they do not talk. The Elder Sister takes a little bag from her pouch. It is made from a bird-skin. I know there is magic in it. She offers it to Younger Sister. But Younger Sister only weeps and shakes her head. I know she says, "It is of no use." Then I remember that in our tribe are some old women who can make these medicine bags. Sometimes they are to put on an enemy to cause him to pass to the land of ghosts and shadows without an arrow. Sometimes when a young maid wants a young brave to take her for his squaw she touches him with medicine. Then he wants her for his squaw. So I wonder which kind of medicine is in the bag.

Elder Sister says many angry words till at last Younger Sister takes the bag. She murmurs something like wind in the tree tops. Then Elder Sister looks around for a place to sleep. I can tell by the

signs she makes that she wants water. She looks all about and—yes, her eyes are on my cooking pot and my gourd! Now, I know she will see me! She speaks in fast, sharp voice to Younger Sister who



Elder Sister

is afraid, too. They fear to put their hands on my two friends, so I am very happy. I shall put *numpa*, the fear, in their hearts! Then they will run away and leave me alone. I do not like to be left all alone again but I do not want their pursuers to

capture me, too. So I stay close in the leafy branches and when all is silent again, I call "*To-who!*" Both women jump. They cannot see me. Next, they examine the bones. I know they are saying, "No, these are not owl's bones. There is no owl's nest in the tree." Then Younger Sister runs on swift moccasins towards the river, the Ni-u-ta-che. Elder Sister drops her bag of meat and runs after her. Elder Sister will not look back. I know that. She is too angry at Younger Sister. If Younger Sister looks back and sees me she will think I am a ghost, for I am climbing down to get the bag of meat. I get it quickly and climb back into the tree. I eat the meat as a starved coyote eats, only I save some. The bag is a very pretty one, all trimmed with red and yellow porcupine quill embroidery. I tie it around me with some more of my pretty fringes.

O, how I want water to drink! After this I shall fill my little gourd and always keep it near me, full of water. It is empty now. I watch the women. When Elder Sister catches Younger Sister she beats her with a stick and Younger Sister weeps. They quarrel much and I see Younger Sister become angry. Then Elder Sister grows quiet and

together they hunt the *nug-the*. At last I see them dig up many roots. I hope they will leave some for me. I cannot sit in this tree all night. Yet they stay always in sight. Sometimes they see a speck on the western horizon where they came from. Then they lie down quickly in the tall grasses. But from my tall tree I can see it is only a stray deer or wolf or antelope.

It grows late. The sun has passed almost to the underworld. I think they may be going on when I see that Elder Sister misses the bag of meat. So she comes back on her trail. Once she turns about and I quickly jump down from my tree. I will make her afraid. It is better this way for she would surely find me if she came back. So I raise both hands and she turns and runs to Younger Sister again. I cannot tell whether she thinks I belong to to the *ga-ja-zhe*, the little people, or whether she fears a camp is near and that I have just strayed a few moccasin steps from it. She may strike me in fear if she thinks I am one of the *ga-ja-zhe*, for they lead people astray; or she may think my magic so strong she may tremble at me.

Then if she thinks my people are near, she may

try to kill me so I cannot go back and tell them that two lone women of another tribe are near! I wish I knew just what is in her head. But at last I get a strong heart. My moccasins go towards the two women. They put their arms about each other. I see *numpá*, the fear, in their faces. I walk on slow moccasins that they may fear me; that they may see I have dignity. That is the way my father does. On-pon the Elk often says to show fear is to be weak like the earth-worm; to show dignity when danger is near, is to be strong like the long-tailed-cat-that-lives-in-the-High-Hills.*

Now I know the words of On-pon the Elk are true for the two women stand trembling in fear and let the danger come upon them. I go slowly so much time passes. At last when I am but a few moccasin steps away I make the sign of friendship. They raise their hands so I have no fear of them now. Then in the language of the prairies, the silent language, Elder Sister asks many questions.

"Where are your people?" asks Elder Sister. I do not wish her to know how far away are my people so I say with my little, bloody, dirty hands,

* Rocky Mountain Lion.

“My people are toward-the-heat.” (That means the South). Elder Sister has not a very good head. If she had she would say, she would ask, “How many moccasin steps away?” But she does not think of that. She asks, “How many of your people are there?” and I point to the grass blades. But then I see Elder Sister is not altogether like the loon, for her eyes go hunting for camp smoke. When there are so many red men together, they must have cooking fires. So I quickly answer her eyes and I say with my hands, “They build no camp fires. They fear the enemy.” I do not say what tribe is the enemy for I fear I may say her tribe. She speaks to Younger Sister and I let my ears stay open. Then I am sure they are Assinniboines. Once some of their people came to our winter lodges for buffalo meat. They were very hungry and had been lost from their hunting party in a snow storm when the moon hid. I heard their words when they spoke to each other. It was two winters ago but I think the sound is still in my ears. But what brings two Assinniboine women here in the moon-in-which-they-plant? They are trying to escape from someone. That I know now. So I ask, “Elder

Sister, are you two prisoners?" She shakes her head so I must ask no more. It would not be polite for me, a little sister, to put any more questions out.

Now I know what she said to Younger Sister! She said, "Wait here. Watch the *ga-ja-zhe*. I will crawl to the top of a high hill and look for signs of her people which are many like the new grass blades!" Then I know if she sees no signs she will be cruel to me. She will find the bag of dried meat and take it away. She will beat me. So I think I shall find out something from Younger Sister. When Elder Sister's back looks at us, I raise my hands and say quickly, "I am lost. I ran away from my captors, the Yanktonais. I go back to my people. I have suffered much. I see that Elder Sister is not kind to you. Come with me to my people. They will call you sister." Younger Sister looks fear toward Elder Sister who just now turns to look at us. We are standing straight. She does not know we have spoken. We are like the trees. Maybe the wind has made us bow but we are once more standing straight. I can see by the way Elder Sister's moccasins move that she thinks Younger Sister fears her. Younger Sister sees it

too. I laugh when I see Younger Sister open her mouth and bravely stick her tongue out like a snake, pointing it at Elder Sister. Then I think: "Yes, the wind blows toward Elder Sister." Then my hands say, "Tell me thy story."

Younger Sister tells me that the husband of Elder Sister wanted her to be his new squaw. Younger Sister had hate in her heart for him. He was old. He was ugly but he had many ponies; he had many robes and deer skins and antelope hides. Elder Sister had tanned the hides and prepared the robes, so much hate was in her heart for Younger Sister when the husband took the robes to give to the father of Younger Sister. For that is their custom when a man wants a wife. She says she cannot tell it all now, but that Elder Sister tried to kill her. Then she told Elder Sister that she wanted to escape; that she did not want her man. That she knew a young brave who would make her a good husband but because he had no ponies her father would never let her go to the young man. His name was Eagle Feather. The feather of a young eagle lies at our feet. Younger Sister shows it to me that I may know his name. She says when

Elder Sister hears all this story she helps her escape; but so great is her fear of the beating her husband will give her, she comes with Younger Sister. They know the husband follows. He has some others to help him catch the women. If they are captured they may be beaten or have their noses cut off.



Younger Sister

They know that Eagle Feather has joined the husband. Elder Sister is a mystery woman.

Then I let many thoughts camp in my head. I know now! That mystery pack was for Younger Sister to touch Eagle Feather with. Then he would so want her for his squaw that he would not let the husband hurt her!

So I ask, "Does Eagle Feather want thee for his squaw?" Younger Sister hangs her head like a flower that is thirsty for water. Then I know she only wants *him*. She will need her magic bird skin! My mother says a maid should wait till a brave makes the first sign that he wants her for his squaw.

Elder Sister is angry now. She has lost her man.

If he catches her she fears he may kill her. She has gained nothing by her hunting. When I look in her face I think how hard it would be to sleep on a rock. I see why the husband wanted a new squaw, though Younger Sister has no head.

I see Elder Sister returning. I have no need to say to Younger Sister, "Let thy lips be silent." She will not tell. We shall be together against Elder Sister if she is hostile.

I think she knows this for as she comes up she makes signs to ask how many sleeps away are my people. I do not see her eyes. I am digging the root of the *nug-the*.

It is getting late. I see the musk rats and the beavers far below in the wet marsh lands that lie near the big river, running to their round lodges. Long lines of deer and elk are following a trail to water. A long-tailed cat jumps from the bushes where he has slept hiding all day. He lands on the back of a young deer. He sucks the blood from its throat. The others run away in fright. I see one little spotted fawn run up and down alone. I know it is her mother that is dead. My heart weeps. All the marsh hens, the gulls and the loons are

flying to their nests in the grasses of the marsh. *Shu*, the prairie chicken, sits quiet on her eggs while the father prairie chicken guards her. The curlew flies past us crying her name, "*Ki-kon-thi*."* All this travels to my eyes and my ears. Then I see a deer fall. Soon another falls, and then I see a man crawl out of the bushes and finish the two deer. He draws something from their sides. That is the arrow. My head tells me this. My eye moccasins cannot travel so far.

Elder Sister sees all this. She speaks of it to Younger Sister who weeps. But Elder Sister is of big heart. They cannot see us, she says. We are high up peeping over a ridge. The river is far below us. It is a day's walk to the river bank. Then I see that they, too, wish to cross over that they may be sure their pursuers will lose the trail. Men are like ghosts. They lose the trail if you cross water. That makes me think of my little ghost. I have not felt him for a long time. But I must not let the women cross water alone. They must take me, too. We all know the man will not stay long where he has killed the deer. He will take them to his camp.

* *Ki-kong'-thi*.

Tonight we must sleep. First we shall eat. Elder Sister has no arrows. I see in her belt a knife. It is not of the kind our people use. So I ask about it. She says one of the people whose skin is of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk brought it to her people. They gave him a winter buffalo hide for it. But few in the tribe have them. I hope Elder Sister does not get angry with me and cut me with that knife. It is worse than the horns of the buffalo for it is sharp all along one edge.

Our moccasins go on the trail again. We think we may cross the river farther toward-the-heat. I have not so much fear in my heart now. Two people are near me. Soon we come to a clump of plum trees. Their white blossoms fill all the air with a good smell. I like it. Younger Sister's face looks happier, too, as she smells the flowers. Elder Sister does not look at the flowers. From her pack she takes out pieces of sinew. With these she puts pieces of the plum bush and makes a trap. She goes out of sight inside the clump of plum trees. She knows what is in there. We all know. There must be a little spring of clear water there. My mouth has wanted water all day. Now I cannot

wait to drink so I start to plunge into the thicket after her. Then I find Younger Sister is my friend. She holds me back and her hands say, "Silence." If I scare the rabbits away Elder Sister will beat me.

Soon Elder Sister comes back stealing like a coyote. When she sees the trail my moccasins tried to take her face looks like an angry sky. She takes the knife out and motions that she would kill me if I disturb her traps. I am so angry at this I look straight in her eye. After a little time she lets her eyes talk to her moccasins. Then I know she fears I have some magic, for I have not told her how I came to be here alone. Soon I go to a spot a few moccasin tracks apart from them. I stoop down and take some earth. I put it on my head. Then I raise my hands to the Wa-kon-dah. The two women do not let their eyes walk towards me. Yet I know they see me. Elder Sister will fear to touch me now. I have talked to the Wa-kon-dah.

For a long time I stand in silence. The rabbits go past me unafraid. They are going to the thicket to get water and to hide from the larger animals. The two women are hidden behind a rock. Soon Elder Sister goes in and comes back with a rabbit.

I still stand with my arms to the sky. The sun drops nearer to the underworld. The dusk, the-face-hidden-in-darkness, appears. The Evening Star hangs in the sky. It looks at me. When the sun at last drops below the circle, I let my hands fall and my moccasins go back to the two women.



Younger Sister has gathered much dry grass and a few twigs. She takes a little bag from her belt and strikes two pieces of rock together. The sparks fly out. In the pile of grass she has placed a bunch of the cotton-tail from the reeds which grow in damp places. Soon we have a fire. Elder Sister has skinned the rabbit. She fixes the fire so the smoke will not rise and tell tales. She takes my cooking pot and tells me to go inside the clump of trees and get water. My moccasins go gladly. First I drink all I want. I fill my gourd. Then I fill the pot and take it back to her. She is cooking the rabbit on a stick over the fire.

Soon she starts to take dried meat from her pouch to mix with some fresh *nug-the* we have found as we walked along. Then she remembers that

she has lost the bag of dried meat. My face tells no tales and the little bag of dried meat lies quiet under my little shirt. It is ready to help me if I am ever hungry again. She does not look at me. She thinks she dropped it in the grass near the tree where I roosted like an owl so long and threw my bluejay bones down.

She gives each of us a piece of the rabbit. We eat it and all drink from the cooking pot. I am now full of belly. I feel very brave and strong. I think I shall never be hungry again.

We all sit awhile in silence. Far off below us we hear the curlew. The blue-wings and the green-necks which have been kept back fly past us high above. Dimly I see them settling below us in the marsh lands near the river. A big moon comes up and makes the earth look like a soft day. I like it. Soon Elder Sister gets up and goes to a high point to look for signs. While she is gone I sit close to Younger Sister. She puts her arm about me. She takes a brush from the robe and brushes my hair with it. I know it must look very much like the tumble weed; like the hair of a dog that has been in a burr patch. I do not know her words but Younger

Sister is laughing a little low laugh like gurgling water and saying things I know to be kind. So I put my arms around her neck and pat her cheek. She brushes my long hair again. After a long time she gets it so she can put it into two braids. It feels better. I know my mother would be glad. Every day she brushes it when I am with my people. When I think about that I think I feel water coming into my eyes. I move my hand and find it is wet. Younger Sister has been weeping! I pat her again. She must know much sorrow. I hope I may take her to my people. The wife of Little Horn passed to the land of ghosts and shadows when the grass grew before. She took the *zhinga-zhinga* only one sun walk old with her. Little Horn is very lonely and sad. Many days he sits alone on the hills. For four seasons he has not cut his hair, so great is his sorrow. I think I shall give Younger Sister to him for a squaw. He does not like the maids among my people who wish to be his squaws. They laugh too much and try to smile on him like sunlight on a sad, shady brook. I saw a maid named Sacred Paint who smiled much on Little Horn. But his eyes are like the eyes of a mole.—I think he will

like Younger Sister. She is sad, too. They will be happy together. I will tell him to cut his hair and leave off mourning for the one who is gone.—But while I am thinking this comes Elder Sister. She has seen no signs; only in the far distance where I saw the fleeing buffalo herd she points and asks if it is clouds or smoke. She says words to Younger Sister. I can tell that Younger Sister says she does not know. Younger Sister has not a good head. But her heart is good.

We all lie down to sleep. Elder Sister looks a question about my robe. I motion that it was stolen. She wraps herself in hers and goes to sleep. I crawl into the arms of Younger Sister who pats me as Kage did. We are both beneath her warm robe.

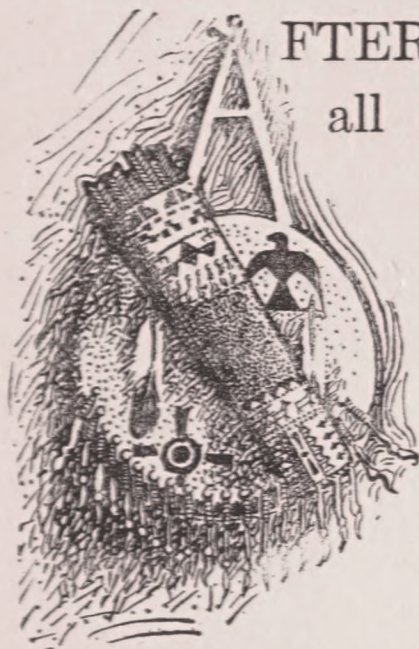
My eyes are open like the owl's. I hear so many noises. Then the mosquitoes sing a war song about us. Sometimes they bite me and make me angry. I wish to listen to the silent sounds. Far away I hear a bullfrog playing on a tom-tom for his war dance. The noisy-bug rasps in an oak tree a few moccasins distant. I think he disturbs an owl for I hear the "*To-who*" that makes me cover my head

in fear if I am alone. Rabbits and other small animals scurry about in the moonlight. I see a few rabbits having a dance on a flat rock. The moon shows them to me. Whenever they hear a new sound they run away fast and hide. After a time they come back and dance again. Far off I hear a long, lonesome howl. I know what that is. But I do not fear. It is only the coyote after *shu*, the prairie chicken. I hear barks and yelps as if as many coyotes as there are leaves on a tree were there. But I know it is only one coyote.

The rabbits are still dancing and having a pleasant time. Suddenly they hear a sound. I hear it, too. My heart stops talking to my ribs. I cannot breathe. The sound I hear is "*Ha'-kug-thi?*" It is the whip-poor-will. Again he says "*Ha'-kug-thi?*" The rabbits hide. Their dance is over. They have *numpu*, the fear, in their hearts. I know better than to answer the birds. But my heart again says, "*Thu-thu*" to my ribs when I hear Elder Sister turn over in her sleep. She sits up and answers, "No"—in loud voice. Again my heart stops saying "*thu*." I wait for the sound "*Ha'-kug-thi?*" to come again. I wait. It seems many darkneses and sun walks that I

wait. I think I am an old woman—the time is so long. Then I know the birds will not again reply. That is a sign that Elder Sister *will soon die*. If they say it again she would be safe. Now I know she will soon go to the white path across the sky. I wonder if she knows it? All our people know the sign. I do not feel happy at this. It means danger to Younger Sister and to me, too, and Elder Sister has a good head. We need her on our journey. When we get to the camp of my people I shall not miss her. I think of this much.

CHAPTER IV



FTER a time I see a cloud or shadow all about us. The moon is not so bright as before. But I am sleep hungry now, I dream.

Strange things come to me in my dreams. I think I am again in the circle of tipis of my people. They are eating a wild turkey. The son of On-pon the Elk, wishes to eat the turkey's head. I know that this is a dream, for all the children of the Ma-has know that to eat a turkey's head will give the boy watery eyes when he hunts. But I dream again. They are giving buffalo liver to the boys that they may have clear voices; that they may be brave.— But this cannot be so for our people do not hunt the buffalo in the time of planting. Then I dream of the moon. This is bad so I fear much. And I awaken. Rabbits and squirrels are running past us. I think a wind is blowing. A few drops of rain fall. The moon plays follow-my-leader with some-

one in the clouds. But I feel more than this. I wonder if we are in a mist. We cannot see the moon clearly, and I think the dust-smoke from a herd of buffaloes is in my nose. I think I hear the far distant voice of hoofs. It is time to awaken Elder Sister. So I put my hand on her head. She jumps up and is very angry. Then she sniffs and says one word to Younger Sister. Younger Sister begins to weep, but Elder Sister strikes her on the head. We must all use our heads. The herd of buffaloes is running toward us. We have much silence. Language cannot save us.

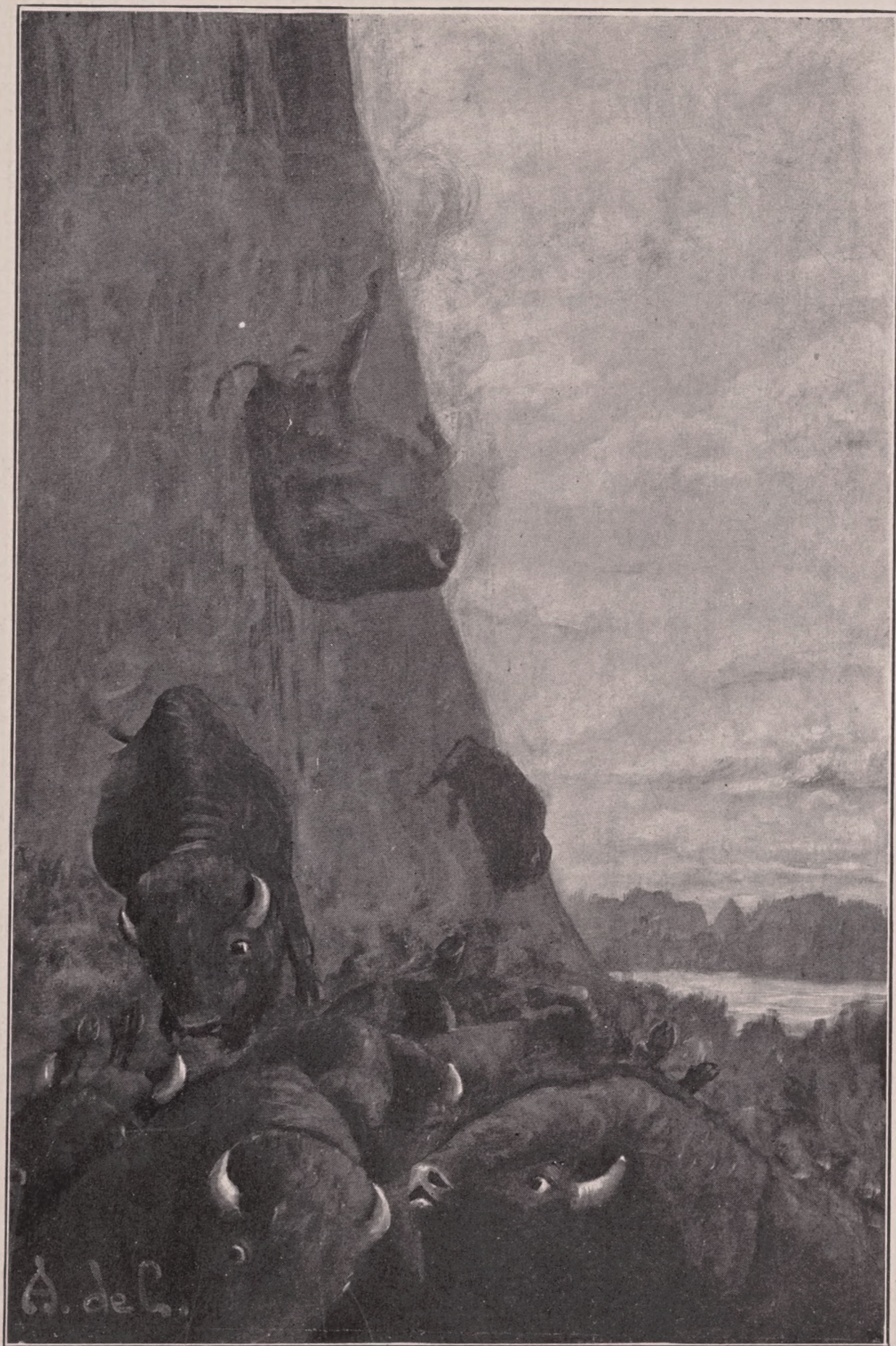
It is in my thoughts that a prairie fire must have stampeded the buffaloes. We speak no words but our moccasins take up the trail to the big water. The herd is still a long way off. If the sun walked we could see to look for a cave in a place where the bank is steep. But it is quite dark now. Even the moon has gone to sleep. We walk along like the mole that is blind. We stumble often. My little moccasins are full of holes, and all the sharp things I step on cut my feet. The thorns which grow as we come nearer to the river find all the holes and bite my feet. Sometimes I feel so tired I think I

shall lie down and let the herd run over me. That would not be bad. But my ghost would run about scaring people, so I must be brave and keep on running. The land slopes down very fast so it is very hard to stand up in many places. There is some timber and there are deep ravines and wide gullies. I am scratched and torn and my feet bleed but because the two women do not stop to weep I must go on as they do. Sometimes we stop to breathe, then quickly Elder Sister goes on. My heart is good toward her. If I had been alone the whole herd would have run over me. I wish to get back to my father and mother that they may have no more grief in their faces; that my father may cut his hair and cease to mourn me as the dead; that my mother's face may smile as a day smiles when the sun walks the land.

I hear the hoof beats coming nearer and nearer. They sound like the voices of the Thunder Beings. The air brings us noises of bellowing and snorting. Then I know the whole herd is plunging over the high bluff above us. It falls like rain down the side of a tipi. Most of the animals will roll down and be crushed. A few will escape and try to swim the

river. It comes to me that one of the buffaloes may save me. The thought in my head makes my sore moccasins strong.

Dust-smoke fills the air. We see it with our noses. It is too dark for the eyes. To our ears comes the thud-thud of the many feet of buffaloes. I think in the dust-smoke is mixed fire-smoke. I cannot tell surely but I think so. I feel a drop of water on my face. The Thunder Voices are speaking. They roar. We see the light flash from their eyes. All the time I am sure a big buffalo will come sliding down the hill side or roll over and over and fall on me. First I try to jump to one side. Then I jump to the other. I hope the buffalo may slide between the two spots. Then I know I am like the loon. If I go fast and go straight I shall reach the bottom first and there hide under the bank. There are many caves at the edge of the water. Just then the eyes of the Thunder Beings flash and I look back. O, the pity of what I see! Down in great heaps come the buffaloes. Some are trying to run to keep their hoofs on the earth. Those behind are beginning to fall, crushed by the mad followers; the young bulls, the cows and the calves. One of the head



“Down in great heaps come the buffaloes”

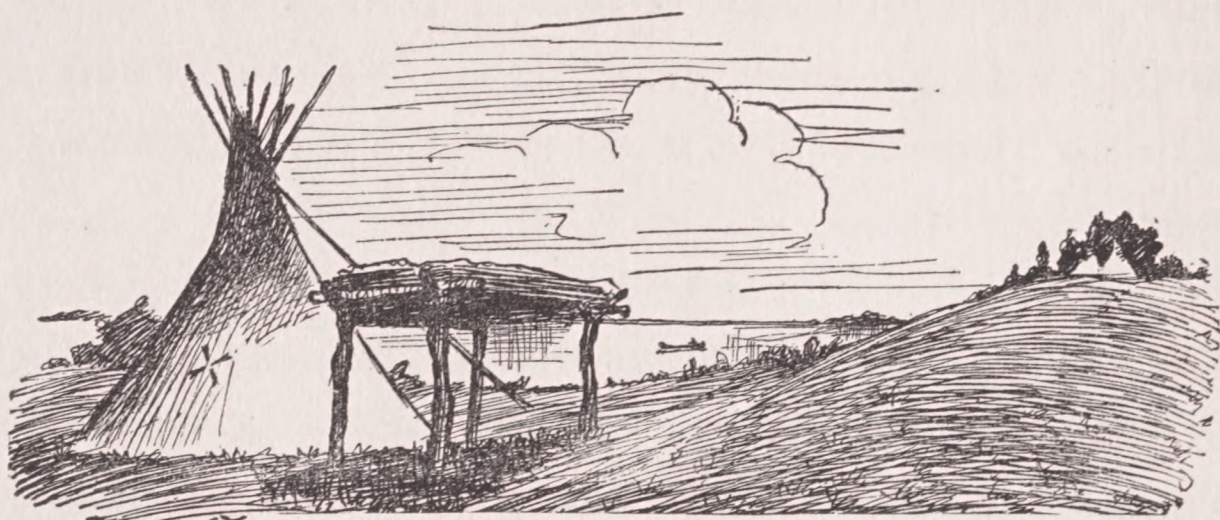
ones is almost upon me. I jump to one side. He slides on past, still keeping his feet on the earth. He is an old buffalo, one of the leaders. Since he was a young calf he has escaped many red people on the winter hunt. He has been saved from the kill of the summer meat hunt. His beard is long so I know he has grown old and wise. He is a leader of the herd. He tells the herd when to walk and when to gallop. He has driven off many packs of hungry wolves that tried to get the young buffalo calves. When the eyes of the Thunder Beings flash again I see the others gaining on us. Both the Assinniboine women run as do I. Their faces look surprise that I have not fallen down long ago. Even then it comes in my head to keep them in fear of me, so when the light comes again I raise my hand and stand still to let them know I speak with the Wa-kon-dah. We could not hear each other if we spoke. A wind is blowing now. Some rain is falling. It all mixes with the sound of the herd. I should not stop even to put *numpa*, the fear, into the heart of the Assinniboine women. I am many moccasins behind them for they run like the lightning. Many huge buffalo bodies are rolling and

sliding toward me. They do not see me. If they did nothing could stop them. They come falling from the top like water over a fall. One is almost upon me. The lightning flashes again. I seize his horns and hold on as tightly as my small hands can hold. His head is already pointed downward. Though there is so little meat on my bones that a coyote would not stop to pick them, I am heavy enough so I make him stumble. I find my hands letting go. I am thrown over and over in the air. In the light I see the two women running and I see a look of fear in their faces as I go over. Then I die. The earth rises up and strikes me very hard. But I am dead so I do not know that I am rolling over and over; that the rocks are cutting me; that the thorns are scratching me and tearing my hair out like bunches of prairie grass dug up by the mole. All I know is that after a time I find myself huddled into a cave with Younger Sister. Over our heads are sounds like thunder voices. It is the herd still pouring over. Many dead ones are piled up all about us. The dirt and smell from their steaming bodies is strong. Then the few rain drops have wet the land and made mud of the dust. When-

ever the eyes of the Thunder Beings flash, I see all of this. Far out on the river I see many brave ones struggling to swim across that mighty flood. It is strong like the buffalo herd. It pushes on and on. It does not stop for anything in its trail. It is carrying the bodies of the herd down toward-the-heat. Toward my people!

It is still very dark but I have a thought. I cannot tell Younger Sister. I do not speak her tongue. When the sun again walks I shall tell her in the silent language what I wish to do. I wonder where Elder Sister is but I cannot ask. So with the danger, the dirt and the evil smell all about us I fall asleep. The robe of Younger Sister is about me. Snakes may bite me. Worms may crawl over us. I am too sick and sleep hungry to think of that. My many cuts and scratches bleed. I died once and came back. It may be I shall die again and never come back. I have great pain. I sleep.

CHAPTER V



I AM sure the sun has come from the underworld and that sun-high is long past. Night is again coming on when I am again awakened by the hand of Younger Sister. At first my head does not know about it. Then I open my eyes. We are in a very large cave. What we thought last night was the other end of a small cave is a place filled with many animals. They are all stupid and sleep hungry. They are like us. And there is *numpa*, the fear, in their hearts. They do not try to attack us. We both know they will soon want food. When they begin to move we must be ready to fight. I almost laugh. We

have no bows and arrows. We have no clubs nor knives. We shall be killed yet. I think of the things that have happened since the day I tried to find the plant that looks like tripe. I wonder what my mother said when she went to go back to the tipis and saw that I was gone. My mother has a happy heart so I think she said to some squaw, "My *wi-zhun'-ge* has the tired moccasins. She has gone back to the tipi." (She calls me her daughter in that way when she speaks to someone about me). Then I know all the women gathered together the fresh *nug-the* and the tender shoots of any plants they wanted to cook. Each one tried to show she had more than any other. When my mother came near to the tipi, then said my father, "Where is our daughter?" He did not call me "*wi-zhun'-ge*." That is the word my mother uses. He called me his "*wi'-ni-the*." It is our custom.

Even in the danger I think of all these things. I weep when I think of the pain in the face of my father and mother when it is at last in their heads that I am lost. I know great parties were sent out to look for me. When the darkness came on my mother let much rain fall from her eyes. It is in

my head that my father walked alone much on the hills where he knew the women had gathered plants. He thought he might hear me cry. I know there was much heart pain for my father and that because no water comes to the eyes of a brave, it was very hard for him. Then I weep again in sorrow for him.

Younger Sister believes I weep because there is *numpa*, the fear, in my heart. She does not know. Sometimes I feel that I am a woman and that Younger Sister is a child, a *zhinga-zhinga* of the Assinniboinés. But my heart is great for her. I must get her out safe for I am sure Little Horn will take her for his squaw. His other squaw who now walks in the white path across the sky was not so soft like a child as is Younger Sister. But I must let Little Horn fight his own fights.

I wonder if they found any footprints which showed that the Yanktonais had carried me away? It is in my head that my people found no signs. If they did they would send large war-parties out at once. I should see their trails from the hill-tops.—No, my people fear that I have let my moc-casins wander to the river; that I have fallen in. The river speaks with loud voice, yet the river tells

no tales of loved ones carried away. It may be the river will tell of such a thing away below, far toward-the-heat when she gets tired of playing with the body of the loved one. She sometimes throws the body to the shore down where the Quapaw people live. We are the Up-Stream-Folk, the Ma-has. Once the Quapaws were our brothers. But that was so many winters ago the oldest man in our tribe does not have it in his head. He heard the tale from his father who got it from many grandfathers. So now the Quapaws, the Down-Stream-Folk, speak another tongue.

But what do I care for the Quapaws? How can we get out of this cave and escape from these frightened animals? I am hungry again. In all the summers I have known I have never felt so much belly famine.

I speak to Younger Sister in the silent language and she tells me that the Thunder Voice spoke to a buffalo just behind Elder Sister; that he rolled over and struck Elder Sister. Then she covers her face with her hands so I know now *that the whip-poor-will told it straight*. Younger Sister and I must let our moccasins travel on alone. I do not like to go

on leaving the body of Elder Sister out there alone with no earth over it. I have no love in my heart for Elder Sister but I do not wish her ugly ghost to follow us. If I put even a handful of earth on her, she cannot follow. I cannot tell this to Younger Sister. She would not understand. She is an Assinniboine. I motion to her to come on. We are saying *a-ga-geth*, good-bye, to the cave. It has been a good friend. One of the wolves that huddles in the far corner with glaring, greenish eyes jumps out at us. My neck has a big bunch in it. My heart ceases to say "*thu-thu*" to my ribs. If he strikes one of us down all the animals will rush upon us and eat us. He is nearer to Younger Sister. He will get her first. I know I have no strength and my bones are sore. My arms are stiff like a wet hide newly scraped. But I see a sharp piece of rock on the bottom of the cave near my feet. I throw it at the wolf. He thinks a bee has alighted on his side! It makes me angry so that I feel my little face get hot! I will make him look at me. I see a long leg bone of an antelope lying there. It may be the bone of an antelope this very wolf killed and dragged in here to eat some time in another season.

I like to think that for I shall hit the wolf on the head and kill him! I am as angry as a brave. I want to kill the wolf. I raise the big bone and strike as hard as I can. Then I see something that makes me wonder. The wolf was not after me. I have too little meat on my bones. He wanted Younger Sister! When I hit him he turns at me and I wonder to see what she does for the wolf falls back to the earth. He does not give a cry of pain. He is dead! I see Younger Sister pull the knife from his heart. Where did she get the knife? I ask no questions. If she wants me to know she will tell me whether Elder Sister gave it to her or whether she took it from the body of Elder Sister. It is not my quarrel that they had the hate heart each for the other.

The eyes of the Younger Sister flash like the eyes of the Thunder Beings. Then she is weak. She puts her arm about me and together we pass from the cave. She looks deep into my eyes. I cannot tell why. Often she pauses and holds me away as long as her arm and lets her eyes talk to mine. Then she murmurs words like the words of a gentle stream. It is not in my head to answer her question.

Outside we have a sad brown covering for all the earth—piles of dead buffaloes, the meat and cover of the plains people—dead! It makes me sad to look at them. My father says these will be the last of the herds. What shall we use to make tipi-covers of if the herds disappear? Where shall we get the horn for the spoons? Where shall we get the softest robes to sleep on and to cover us on the nights when Cold Man comes shrieking from the north and blows his icy breath down the *ti-hu-kon*, the smoke hole? But we hurry on, walking on the bodies of our dead friends. Already the coyotes and wolves are feasting on the carcasses. I wish my people were here for they could skin the animals and use these hides for tipi covers. It is springtime and the hair has been shed. It will be little work to tan them. That gives me a good new thought: Some of my people will know of this stampede. They will see the dust-smoke. They will watch to see where the herd plunged; then they will come looking for hides! I hope this may be so. It may be they have had to run to hide and save their lives as we did. It may be they are on a far trail looking for me. They may have gone toward the Cheyennes

for the Cheyennes often make a raid and steal our ponies. I dare not wait here to see. I must get to the far side of the water and move on toward-the-heat.

The sky is full of scattered clouds. The sun shines down upon us. It is very hot. I think water will soon fall from the skies again. It seems so many moccasin tracks to the river's edge! We have now passed the great pile of dead buffaloes but we have to step aside for they lie like heaps of hail-stones after a storm. The dust-smoke is all asleep. If a prairie fire chased the buffaloes, the rain of the night just past must have killed it farther back. The rain we felt was too little. It was like a woman's weeping.

Nearer and nearer we come to the edge of the water. Younger Sister makes the sign that the man who killed the two deer was near this spot. I think that this is so. But why move the hands over so small a thing? Younger Sister has the knife and I have my magic. But I feel that the man would not stay here when the noise of the herd came to his ears. Just as this thought is in my head we go around a rock. Then we are on the sand that lies close to the

water. We rest awhile and watch the poor dead buffaloes go floating and whirling around in the current of the big water. Sometimes we see one still struggling to get across. I ask the Wa-kon-dah to help them. Maybe they will start another herd on the other side. We do not rest long. We soon look at each other. We cannot cross this water! It is wren chatter to talk of it! I am tired. I am hungry. There is no place to camp tonight. Many animals prowl near feasting off the dead buffaloes. Buzzards come in great numbers. They make me have fear. I think the same thought is in the head of Younger Sister. She looks at the water. I look at it. Maybe it would be our friend and carry us to the camp circle of my people. But I do not trust the water. A pain comes into my throat and I think I shall weep when something comes in sight around the bend in the river. It is a man in a canoe. I feel no fear but Younger Sister tries to hide. She cannot hide. He has already seen her. She has not a good head. He would catch her. In the canoe is much deer meat. This is the man we saw. He shall see I am not afraid! So I stand up very straight and raise my hand. He shall know I am a friend

and will not harm him! I will not steal his meat! He raises his hand. He laughs. I like his face. It is good like Kage's. I think he is a Big Voice, a Winnebago. I think I like the Winnebagoes now. After this I shall not hate all other red men but the Ma-has. I have friends in many tribes now. My moccasins have traveled much. They know many lands.—I wish I had some of the deer meat. My eyes look hungry. Younger Sister hides her head in her robe. I wish to hit her. This is not as I have been told to act. But I must not hit her. She has been good to me. So I make the sign that she is my friend; that she has had much sorrow. Then I make the best sign I know to say that my belly is empty. The man looks at the sky. Yes, I know the rain may soon fall down. I know, too, that darkness will soon be upon us. He makes no sign



for a long time. Then he says he wants to cross the water tonight to where his people are camped. Then he looks at us again.

"Where are your people?" he says. I tell him they are many sleeps away toward-the-heat. I tell him that the Assinniboine woman and I are alone. I tell it straight. He looks at me a long time. All my bruises and cuts speak plainly to him. He motions us to follow him along the shore. He keeps close to us and rows up the stream. My moccasins are so tired I think we have gone many steps. After a long time we come to a big cave. The man has been here and he has put something inside the cave. He has covered the opening with big rocks. I know!

We go in and at first we see nothing. I smell blood. Yes, over at one side I see a great pile. It is buffalo hides. My Big Voice has a good head. He has a big pile of buffalo tongues and the best part from the back of each animal he has skinned. His squaw will have much work to do when he takes the hides to her. He tells us to rest. Then he goes outside the cave and soon I smell deer meat cooking. I do not wish to rest. I run out and stand joyfully looking at the good meat. The Big Voice and I are

friends. We talk much with our hands. After a time he looks at one of the big cuts on my arm. It is dirty and there is much dried blood on it. He leads me to the water and washes it. Then from his pack he takes out a dried herb and wets it with water from his mouth. He puts it on my cut arm and holds it tight. After a time he puts a piece of something like I have never seen upon it. It is like very thin deer skin; like woven grass but much finer. He tells me he got it from one of the men whose faces are of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk. He wraps it around my arm and sews it on. Then he looks at all the other cuts and scratches. He laughs at these. Then he pats my head. I smile up in his face. I ask him if he has any *zhingazhingas* in his lodge. He tells me he has four. He has two sons and two daughters. I ask where they camp and he points with his lips that they are across the water. When I get to my people I will tell them to be friends with the Big Voices. I want to play with his children.

The meat is done, so he gives me a piece of it and I take some to Younger Sister. She acts very silly and hides in the cave. I ask the Big Voice why she

does this and he says I must tell her he does not want her for a squaw. So I tell her this. But I tell it in another way. I say, "The Big Voice has much meat and many hides for his squaw and his four little ones. He tells me he has a happy lodge." After that Younger Sister has a better head. She comes out. We go around a bend and make ourselves as clean as we can in the muddy water. It feels good to be clean again. I am careful not to wet the medicine the Big Voice put on my cut arm.

My mouth and belly are still happy over the taste of the deer meat. Big Voice makes the fire bright in front of the cave. We all go inside and lie down. Soon we sleep. I have no fear. It is as safe as when I am in the tipi with my father and mother. The Big Voice has a good heart. As I fall asleep I hope his squaw has not much fear in her heart when he does not return. The rain falls.

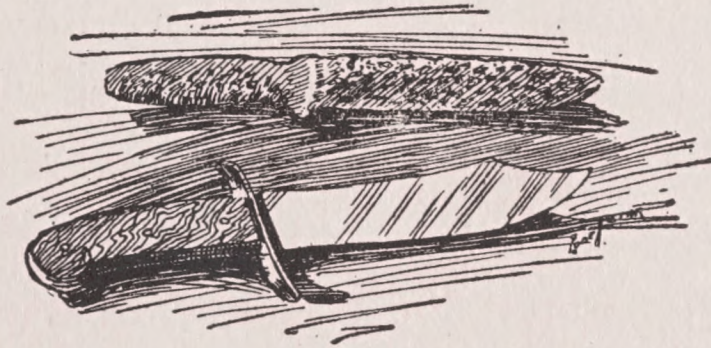
Early when the sun first shines we all wash in the stream. Then we eat the cold cooked meat. The Big Voice had cooked much. I tell him we wish to go across. He looks at the canoe. He does not need to say we cannot all go at once. The canoe is very small. He says he will take me over,

then come back for the other. It will take all the time from when the sun comes up till the time when the sun goes to bed. I know this. The current is strong. It will carry him far down the stream. Then he will have to paddle very hard to get across again. Someone may steal his meat and hides, or the meat may spoil while he is gone. He has worked very hard. I am sad if I make his children hungry. So I sit down and try to let my head find a good trail. But the Big Voice thinks there is only one way. He will take me over first because I am little. Then he can take part of the meat. When he says this the Assinniboine woman puts her hands over her face and water falls from her eyes. The Big Voice does not like this. He is not very patient with her. Braves grow tired of a woman who is always a *zhinga-zhinga*. My mother says so. That is what my mother says but I know that when my father wishes to hunt and my mother wishes him to stay in the lodge and help her with the hides she sits down and lets her lips stick out. Then my father laughs and says, "*Zhinga-zhinga!*" But he always gives up his hunting and helps with the hides. My father had much trouble to get my mother to

be his squaw so I think he likes her much. The white buffalo is always hard to find. It is a mystery buffalo and the Wa-kon-dah sends few of them. The elder ones say that my mother was once a mystery woman. I wonder if I shall be one?—But the Assinniboine gains nothing by using the wail of a *zhinga-zhinga*. Time runs by on swift moccasins and the Big Voice has wasted much on us. He seizes her by the shoulder and says angry words. She knows the tone so she stops weeping. Then I motion that he shall take her first. She shakes her head: "Two Faces will get you if anything happens to keep us too long and leave you alone at night." I laugh. "I fear not Two Faces!" I say. "If my little ghost does not trouble me I am safe." I am very brave on the outside for I wish something to get started across the river. The seeds of the corn will never grow if one sits always and says, "One day I shall put the corn in the earth."

Big Voice will not take the meat out so Younger Sister gets into the canoe and I am afraid they will all tip over. She hands me the knife and her robe. At this I forget all about the little ghost. I feel like a brave. They push out from the shore so I wander

about to let the sun dry me, to look for new blossoms. There are many beautiful ones on the sides of the steep bluffs. I look at my new knife. How hard the blade is! It is sharper than the stone knives our people have. Away beyond (once long ago) my mother visited the Pawnees. She says they had many knives like this given to them many winters ago by some of those whose faces are of the



color of the inner layer of the corn husk. Many thoughts are in my head. The animals and birds prowling among the dead buffaloes will not harm me. What the Assinniboine woman said about Two Faces makes my face long like that of my pony. My mother says there is no Two Faces. But many of the older ones tell tales of him. Then I think of this one:—It was told to my father by a Teton, one of the kinsmen of Kage, the Yanktonai:

Two Faces passed along. He kicked the ground. All the red people heard him. One foot kicked: they heard something ring, then they heard an owl hoot. The other foot kicked: the noise was like a buffalo bull snorting and stamping as he does when he makes the charge. He stepped again, a chickadee sang; again he stepped, all kinds of animals cried their language. All the red men were afraid of him. One man said, "I am not afraid of Two Faces." He was a very strong man. Once when the man was alone Two Faces caught him when he was not looking. He threw the man in his ear. Two Faces has very big ears, so the elders say. Each ear is big enough to hold three braves.

One time there lived a very old man and his wife. They had one child. It was a very bad child. Among our people there are many things a little boy must not do. This boy did all of these things and because they had only one child the father and mother did not make him do as he was told to do. Here are some of the things a good child must not do: He must not use a knife to cut his meat. The old men say, "A knife eats more meat; you should bite it." That means a boy must learn to do things

by himself. He must not want help from knives and other people. (I am glad I am strong enough to help myself.)

There is a part of the inside of the buffalo which is very tender. The old ones who have no teeth like this. They cannot chew the other meat, so a boy must not eat this part. It is called the *washna*. Now, the bad child in the tale always screamed and lay down on the floor of the lodge or on the ground till they gave him the *washna* to eat.

A boy must not drink all the broth in a cooking pot of buffalo meat. This bad child always took it all without asking. (Some of the old people say if a boy does this his ankles will rattle; his joints will get loose. I do not know. I never take the broth if elder ones want it.)

A boy must not beg for all the good marrow in a split buffalo bone. This boy always kicked his moccasins against the cooking pot till his mother gave him the marrow to make him be quiet. The people did not like him. Every time his father and mother let him have his own way it was harder to make him be good.

Among our people there is a very nice place in the

tipi or the earth lodge. It is the place back of the fire, on the side opposite the flap where we go in. Skin robes are always spread here; that is where the guest should sit. Now, this bad child would go between the guest and the fire. This is not polite. He did not have to pass between the guest and the fire. If he had to do it, he could say, "Let me go. I must get something." But he was very rude. He ran over the feet of the guest. People got so they did not visit the lodge of his father and mother. The parents whined much about this. So one day an old grandmother said, "We do not come because you let your child pass between us and the fire. You belong to our tribe. You know our custom for you were taught that when you were children."

So his mother grew very red in the face. Then she let water fall from her eyes so the old grandmother said, "I will visit you again but you must make the child be good." So his mother promised. The father did not speak words. He was very foolish about his son.

One night the aged grandmother entered their lodge. The bad child saw a guest was coming. He

hated the old grandmother because he knew she told his mother to punish him. So he ran quickly to the pile of soft robes. There he sat down. His father told him to get up. He turned his ears in. His mother spoke in voice like a dove asking him to get up that she might not be ashamed before her friend. But he was a selfish boy. He did not care if he put shame on his mother. So at last she became very angry. She said, "I will put thee out of the lodge and Two Faces will toss thee into his ear."—She did not think Two Faces was near. He stuck his tongue out at her and did not move. This made her more angry and ashamed than ever. She jerked him by the arm. He screamed but she put him outside and fastened the lodge so he could not come back. Then she sat down to talk to her friend about the best way to make black dye, or yellow dye, or green dye, or red dye. When they got through talking about that they talked about how to bead moccasins, and cruppers for the horses of the women; and many other things. All this time they heard the boy running about the lodge. He kicked like a wild pony. He screamed like a wild cat.

After a time the noise did not come into the lodge.

The mother felt *numpu*, the fear. So she went outside to hunt for him. She wept. The boy was not there. All night long she wept. The old grandmother stayed with her to comfort her. She said the boy had gone to another lodge to make his mother know sorrow.

When day walked, the father and mother went among all the lodges asking for their son. Nobody had seen him. They wept much. They went back to their lodge and wept for many days. He was their only child. They were too old to have any more.

One night when water was falling from her eyes she heard a voice. It said "Hin! Hin! You said to me, 'Two Faces take that one.' Hin! Hin!" The voice said this often. Her ears heard the jingling sound.

"My man," she called, "I fear a ghost has taken our son."

"Of course. You gave him to a ghost! You should be punished." Then she screamed louder than her bad child had screamed. So the next time after the sun had gone to bed she went outside. She said to her man, "I will catch Two Faces by the leg. When I call, you come out to help me. We

shall get our son out of the big ear of Two Faces. I will wait by the pile of wood."

Soon she saw a monster coming along. He was taller than the lodge poles. He made a noise like all the animals when he walked. She knew who it was! After a time he leaned over and looked into the smoke hole. Then she seized one leg. She called to her man. He came out. They took knives and cut the legs of Two Faces in many places. Then they took ropes made of buffalo hair and nettle lariats. They tied Two Faces so he could not move. They stood near him till day walked the land again.



Two Faces

He was very ugly. The day showed him to them. He was covered with long hair. Only his two faces had no hair on them. Then they took their knives. They split open one ear. The boy was not there. They split open the other ear. There was their child. He was very lean. He could not speak. He had long hair on him. Only his head and face were smooth.

The father and mother then laid Two Faces on the woodpile and burned him up. Many things flew out of the fire: bags for beads or water or food; porcupine quills; feathers; arrows; birds; pipes; war clubs; hatchets; flints; stones to make knives sharp; necklaces of tuki shells; hide scrapers; whips; and all kinds of beads.

The father and mother knew that their son would soon have become a Two Faces. He did not live long.

That is all there is about it.



CHAPTER VI

THIS story is not a pleasant one to think of for I am alone. But my mother says there is no Two Faces. The Teton people believe this.

I have much meat in my belt so I eat when it is sun high. I go to the top of a high bluff below where the buffaloes went into the river. I look out across the water. Away below like a log I see the canoe. It is tossed about but the Big Voice seems to keep it from turning over. I like better the skin boat of the Ma-has. I do not watch them all the time. I climb trees and look at the nests of the blue-jay and the robin. I do not touch the eggs with my hands. It is only with my eyes that I touch them. They are very pretty. I like to see the soft down all about the *zhinga-zhinga* birds. Then I gather the red columbine blossoms. It is very peaceful here.

The sun walks along across the sky. I fear my

two friends will not get across till the dusk, the face-hidden-in-darkness, comes upon us. The Big Voice cannot come back to me after it is dark. I begin to think of Two Faces. I often look behind me to see if the little ghost or the ghost of Elder Sister is following. I could not see them if they did follow. They might steal my food.

After a time I know I must stay here alone another night. I weep. Then I look out across the river far below for the canoe. I strain my eyes. I cannot see it. I look at all the black specks, the dead animals, the logs. After a long time I find it. But the canoe is having trouble. It turns around and around. I think it is in a whirlpool! Soon I see it thrown far out. It turns over. I see Big Voice and Younger Sister go into the water. But they are near the shore. If the beings below the water do not suck them down they may swim ashore. Then the face-hidden-in-darkness covers all the land and the water, so I am left alone—alone with my knife.

I think I do not wish to sleep in the cave again. The nights are warm and I see by the sky that no rain will fall. I am below the cave on the side

towards my people. I shall sleep in a tree to-night. When I looked at the nests I saw a good place to tie the robe as I did before. I feel sure nothing will get me there. I am sure there is no Two Faces, and I wonder about the ghost that took my robe before. Maybe some woman was left there alone and grew afraid of me. Some animal or other enemy might have killed her man. If she were like Younger Sister she would have so much *numpu*, the fear, in her heart that she would have no head. My gourd is full of water and I have the bag, the knife and my robe. I crawl up into my tree. The soft wind talks in the oak branches. It sings the children's play song. This makes sorrow come to me. I am so far away from the others of my people. The soft wind makes me think that I can almost reach out and put my arms around the little girls. But I do not try. I do not wish to fall down and break my leg bones.

The night is dark. The moon has gone on a far distant trail. She will not come back till just before the day lies pale upon the hills. Then she will look a little sharp look upon us like a buffalo horn and go away again. The stars fill the sky. I wonder which

one is my grandmother. I think my grandfather is still lonely that she is gone. He often looks at the night sky; he stands alone. Many say she comes and speaks to him. He never took another squaw as Little Horn will do when I get back with Younger Sister. My grandfather says only a few people have the Great Look in their faces for each other. But he is happy when he looks at my father and mother. He tells me long tales about them. He says he once went to the Yanktonais and when he came back my mother was talking to the Council of the Seven, the ones who rule our people! Never do women talk! But he found that she had done a very brave deed. I try to think of the long tale, when I find I am too sleepy. The night wind says, "Soo-soo!" The river water complains. The birds peep crossly if their mother's feet get on them or if one of the other little ones lies too close. My sore places still cause me pain but still I forget it. I am very sleep hungry.

After a while I am awake. The night is still very black. It is full of chill for my sore bones. In front of me I see a great shape and two eyes! I can think of nothing but Two Faces! If he tosses me

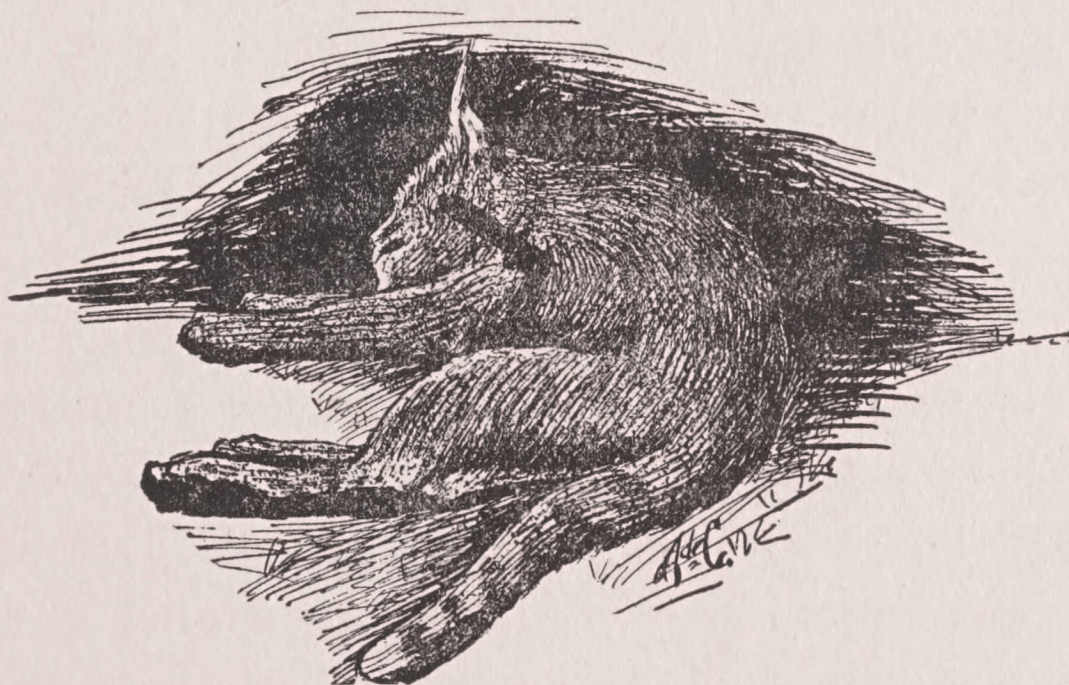
into his ear I think I can cut my way out with my good knife! I do not know what I do but I hold the knife so it sticks out toward the great shape. I stop to think I am almost glad Younger Sister is not with me for she would cry out or cover her head with her robe and act silly. Even with Two Faces staring at me I almost laugh to think of how Big Voice will drag her along if any danger comes and she tries to act that way. He will drag her by the hair if she is *too* bad. I hope her head is getting better.

Just then I see the two eyes coming straight at me. My blood gets to playing a tom-tom in my temples. The next thing I know is that it has jumped at me; that my knife is gone. Below me is a dark shadow. Then I roll in my robe and cover my head. I hope it will not come back to cut me with the knife. I am not sleep hungry any longer. I wish the sun would come up the other side of the river. I want the day. The night time is good when one is in a lodge with a father and mother. I think day will never come walking the land on moccasins that bring sunshine! I tremble and my teeth rattle like beads on a deer sinew. I keep my head covered.

Sometimes I peep out a little. I see nothing. I do not dare let my eyes talk to the shape below me. When day lies pale upon the hills and river he may jump at me again. At last I see the little flames of the sun streaking the sky on the far hill tops across the river. It is good to see the flames. I watch for the whole sun. It hurts my eyes. I close them waiting, waiting for I know not what. I *think* Two Faces goes away when night takes the trail. I am not sure. The Teton man did not say. I hope this is so. My father goes alone and thinks hard and what he wants comes true. I try very hard.

After as long as it takes for a *zhinga-zhinga* to be as tall as high grass I am brave enough to let my eyes speak to the earth under my tree. Then I am angry at myself! Why did I not know? There lies a dead wild-cat! In his heart is my sharp knife! I think much about this. I shall not let Two Faces and other ghosts go into my head tipi to camp any more. It makes me do foolish things. My father and mother *told* me there was no Two Faces. But I have to cross the water now to join my friends. It would be easier to go on alone. They think I will come so I must come.

I get down from the tree and take out my knife. I clean it in the earth. I cut off some claws from the wildcat and put them in the pouch. When I get back to the circle of tipis of the Ma-has I shall string them on a deer sinew and hang them around my neck as a brave does. I wonder if my moccasins



will ever get there? I look down at these moccasins. They need mending. I cannot walk well in them. When I get across the river I will rest and mend them.

I go to the water and bathe. Then I lie on my back in the warm sunshine and eat my meat before I put the garments on again. The knife rests close

to me all the time. It is my heart friend. It has slept in the heart of a wildcat to save my life.

I put my garment and moccasins on. My eyes get no food that they would eat. They want a canoe with Big Voice in it for their food. I wait. After a time it is in my head to go on. I fear the Big Voice was drowned, or that he lost his canoe. I must not wait any longer. I cannot cross the river alone. I will go back a few moccasin tracks and give one look to the cave which was one night a good friend. It is the one where the hides are. I think it may not be good to do this but I go. I may meet some animal that will kill me. Why I do not start right on toward-the-heat I do not know. I go back.—All is still. Only buzzards clamor and eat. It smells so bad here I have no wish to stay. All about are the spoiling buffaloes. It makes my heart sick. It is very desolate. Far across on the ridge of hills I see a few buffaloes straggling along. They are the few that escaped across the river. I see they have no leader. If a band of timber wolves should get on their trail, I would soon see bleaching skulls and bones. Then I wonder where is my old friend that tossed me over on his horns and made

me go faster than my moccasins could go. It is in my head that he was killed. I have pity for him. He was a brave old leader. He had had many sorrows and had lived long. I wish he could have lived to lead his herd to peaceful green prairie grass.—Then I think I see a dead buffalo move! I run close, taking care that my knife is ready to speak. What do I see? Old Leader is in a hole! He is caught in strong grape vines. He is hungry but he cannot get up. Then I say, “I shall help thee. After that thou wilt again be my friend.” I know it is foolish to cross the river. If I stay on this side and go on toward-the-heat I shall one day walk into the camp of my people. Those who lie on the hills about the camp will see me coming and make the sign. Then my father and mother will come out to meet me and all my troubles will be over. But when I tell them I left poor Younger Sister on the other side alone they will think I had a faint heart. No, I must go over to her. I sent her over because I feared a ghost and Two Faces. She went because I sent her. So I must go over to find her.

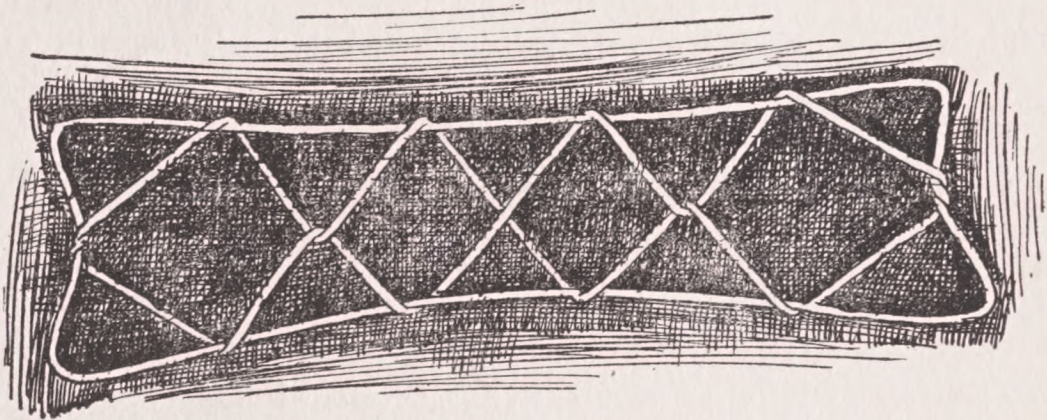
I take out the nettle lariat I find in the pack she gave me. Then I take off all my garments and put

them in the pack and wrap the robe about them tightly so the water cannot get in. I tie this on the buffalo's back. He tries to paw and bellow but he is held by my good friends, the grape vines. I wear only my belt. On it is the knife case. I must keep this beside me for the buffalo may run away with my pack. I must have one friend left. Buffalo's little eyes look wicked. His horns look sharp. But I do not have fear in my heart for him. I shall cut the grape vines. When he knows he is free he will run to his bellowing friends across the water. He shall drag me. I can swim sometimes. The end of the nettle lariat is tied round my waist. Then I begin to cut away the grape vines with my knife. As soon as one leg is free Leader tries to get up. He jerks and paws and bellows and gets himself caught worse than ever. "Easy, easy, now, friend," I say. "Be quiet and I shall set thee free." He has never before heard human voices except when they charged into the herd killing the fat young bulls. He is still a moment. His little eyes look at me. Then he kicks and tosses again. He thinks he is in a trap. But I cut some more vines. Again he is in such a hurry to get away he twists

himself up again worse than at first. Again I tell him to cease being like the loon but he does not talk Ma-ha words. The vines are now almost all cut away. My knife has eaten much. I do not want its teeth to get dull. Leader strikes and paws as before. He is angry at me. I see this so I climb up into a tree and wait till he breaks the last vine himself. I no sooner get up beyond his reach than I hear a fierce bellow of rage. He charges upon the tree. The tree laughs. Twenty buffaloes could not break it! "Go on to thy friends," I say. He stands still, his sides are heaving. He pants. It is in his head that this is a game he has never played. Walking on the moccasins of the air comes the sound of his friends. He turns round and then bellows back weakly. Then he starts toward the river, and I quickly drop between the limbs. I dare not climb for I may get my lariat caught. He shakes and stamps and snorts to get that pack from his back. But it sticks like a big burr. I am glad the Assinniboine man who came to our camp that time taught me how to tie a knot that would not come loose. My father said I was too little to learn. So the Assinniboine man showed me one night when

we played the litter (cat's cradle) with the deer sinew. I am glad I know. It is good to know many things. I shall learn to build a fire. The belly needs hot food.

After a while Leader gets tired of shaking and stamping. It does no good. So on he starts. I



Cat's Cradle

run very fast to keep up so the lariat will not make him look back and charge at me. Everything has gone wrong with him so he puts his head down and plunges into the river. I go in, too. He swims slowly. I swim, too, but after we get out into the current—O, how it pulls us down toward-the-heat! My buffalo fights it but it is too strong for him so he floats much and I go on like a leaf. I pull him down, too, but he does not know what does it. The

water helps me. It is very hard to get across the middle of the stream. I am growing very tired. But I must not give up now or everything will be lost. I see a big log coming towards us. If it hits me I shall be killed. It will flop around, duck under and then come back all safe again. I have seen them do that many times. It comes closer and closer. I try to swim hard. So does Leader. If he would come back to me, the log would float by. But he hurries on. My strength is now like the hair of a *zhinga-zhinga*. I know I shall die soon. It is almost over. Here comes the log. It is going to hit the nettle lariat. That will draw us both under the current. I think I shall close my eyes. Then the log comes along. It does not hurt me at all. It just pushes the lariat further on down the stream nearer to my people. So I put my hands on the log. If I crawl under I shall catch my lariat. If I try to crawl over I may upset it. But I am getting so tired I know I shall die anyhow, so with all my little strength I climb up. I hug the log with my arms and my legs. After what seems a long time, I find myself lying face down on the log, resting, my arms and legs still hugging it. The buffalo is pulling

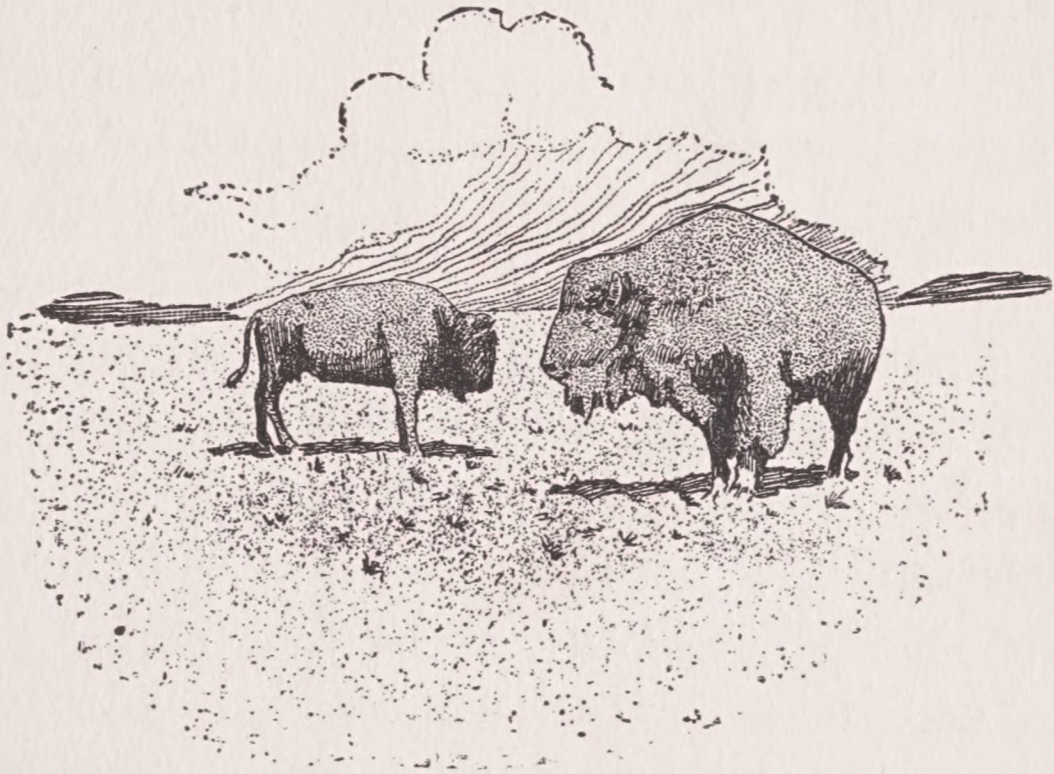
the lariat very taut. He does not know what this strange creature following him can be. He fears. I know it. O, so long a time we fight the monsters that live under the water! I do not know at what time the log will turn over and spill me out, or twist up my lariat so I shall have to cut it. But I am glad when I see we are across the middle of the stream. I have rested much on my good friend's back. I think I can swim again if I have to. I am beginning to feel of big heart again when below us I see the water going round and round! It is where the Big Voice and Younger Sister had trouble. I think very fast but before I think much I feel my log turning round till I am dizzy. I hold on tight. We go under. I hold my breath till I am sure I shall die. Then suddenly my log is thrown very hard. I do not know what happens for a little time, but I find myself riding on top of the log in swift-flowing but quiet water. We are pulling so hard at the poor old buffalo that I cut the lariat with my knife. I have just time to put it back quickly in its case when splash! Over goes my log. It hits me hard. I am thrown far out toward the shore in water where the current is so slow that even I can swim

against it. I feel weak and very dizzy but I am sure I can get to that shore before I die again. I shut my little teeth together hard. I swim as hard as I can. After a long time I find I can stand up in the water. I take two steps and get on the sandy bank. Then I fall down. I can not think now. I am very tired. . . .

When I open my eyes the thought that comes to me is that I have crossed water; that no ghost will follow me. Then I stand up. My knife is still in my belt but I have on no garments. The sun has been shining on me to make me warm but when night comes on I shall want a robe or a garment to wear. I am not a young wolf with thick fur. I look about for my buffalo friend. But he is nowhere in sight. I am almost sure that he was not drowned. He may be roving over the prairie eating grass and scaring all his brother buffaloes with the big pack which he carries. If it were our people they would say "It is a mystery buffalo." Then they would make many songs about him. I do not think the buffalo people will do this. They will run away from him till he rolls over and tears my pack loose from his back. My heart is sad

that I make trouble for my good friend the buffalo. He carried me across the water.

Younger Sister should be somewhere near, looking for me if she is alive. I know she would stand on the hills from morning time till the sun had



gone to the underworld to see if I tried to swim the river. No! She would know I have too good a head to try to do that. And she will never think of the buffalo and the log. I think now that the Wa-kon-dah led me to the buffalo. That was why I went back to the cave to look, though it smelled bad and was lonesome for my eyes.

I have slept enough. Younger Sister has either gone with the Big Voice and his squaw or she travels toward-the-heat. I do not wish to think she is traveling the white path across the sky. I shall climb up the slippery bank and look out over the far hills and the river. I may learn much. I hope I may see a robe, but few leave good robes behind for lonesome children who wander the prairie trails. The dusk will soon come upon me. I am glad that the warm weather is here but it is always good to have a robe even in the month in which the buffaloes find their mates. I do not know what moon we shall have when a new one comes. I have been long on the trail and I cannot tell.

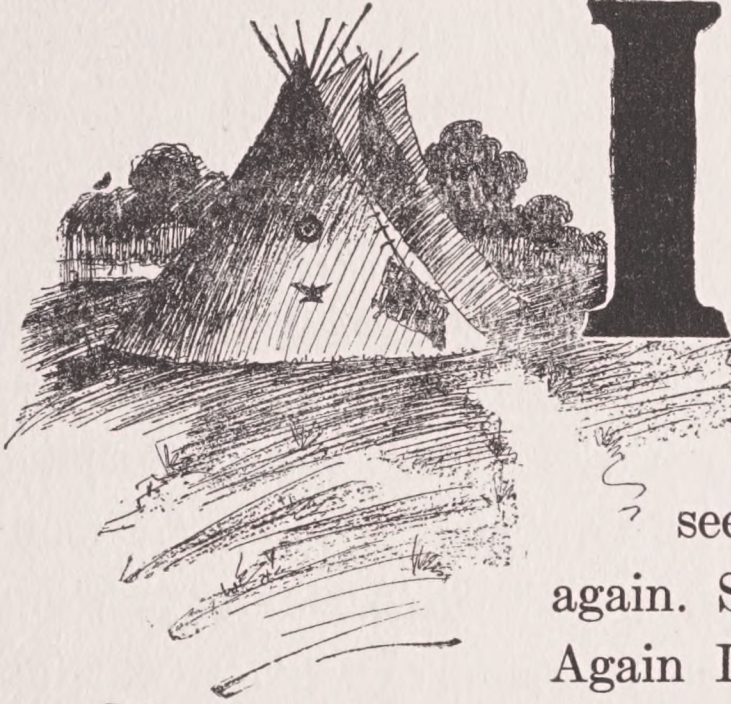
Now I have climbed up the steep bank. The vines helped me. My arm is healed now. The wrapping was torn away somewhere on my way across the big water. I did not see it but it is gone. From where I stand the moccasins of my eyes can travel far. They travel much. Away below on the other side of the river is much camp smoke. It is a large band of people cooking their evening meal. That makes me belly hungry and heart hungry. I look down at my empty belly and I see my friend

the knife. The knife knows it is time to eat. But I wish to see much. The camp is two sleeps toward my people, I think. I cannot see the camp for the tipis are on the far side of a hill. But I see their camp smoke.—I wonder if it is my people, the Ma-has?

My father and mother may be there! I stretch out my arms! I want them! I cannot stay over here! I must jump across the water or fly as an eagle flies till I rest in their tipi! I weep and feel pain in my throat. But after a time I think I must not do this. I must be of brave heart. Water in the eyes will not get me to them.—I do not know.—It may be I shall never see them again. I am sad for myself. More water comes to my eyes. It is of no use to go on. I have no garments. I have no robe. It will soon be dark and I have no food. I am alone. Farther down the stream I see a clump of trees. I think I shall go down there and cover my body with sand and dirt. Then I shall close my eyes and die. Nobody will know what has become of poor little Tun-in-gi-na out here alone on the prairie! The other tribes will not care. Few but my father and mother of my own tribe will care.—

I weep again very bitterly. I think that everything is sad. I know that while my eyes search the trail that is far distant, I should not forget to look at the home trail. But I am so sorry for myself, this poor little child all alone here, that I start to run. If I must die I shall waste no time. So I run. Then my ears hear something! It is the footstep of something running behind me. The face is now hidden in darkness. It is the dusk. I cannot tell what follows me. I have so much *numpu*, the fear, in my heart that I forget all about going on the long trail to the land of ghosts and shadows. I run like the deer. The clump of trees seems to be running away from me. I do not get any nearer though I have run till I am almost out of breath. But I do not hear anything on my trail any more. It is too dark for him to follow me and I run very fast. I make a sharp turn and run on. I shall lose him! Just then I fall. My foot is in the hole of some animal. I hear something snap. A great pain goes all over me like an arrow. Then I know I am starting on the long trail. I try to keep my eyes open but something blacker than the night comes into my head. *A-ga-geth!* (good-bye).

CHAPTER VII



I WONDER how many sleeps it is since I fell and broke my leg bone? Nothing of it is in my head. My knife is gone. When I see this I close my eyes again. Surely I shall die now. Again I look at my fingernails. Yes, they are long. It cannot be that I am dead. It is many sleeps since I fell and I am still alive! But how did I get where I am? I am not out alone on the prairie. I am lying on a bed of leaves in a place hollowed out of the side of a hill. Somebody has made a shelter of branches over me and a buffalo robe is placed over them to keep out the rain or to keep the sun from shining in my eyes. But it shines on my little bare body now and is good to the skin. What is this on my leg? Ahai! Some good

friend has set it and bound it up with willow saplings. But I am so tired I fall asleep again. As I do so I hear crickets chirp, hear the father and mother birds calling to their little ones who have now learned to fly. The moon-in-which-they-plant is past. I can tell that now. Then I sleep. I have dreams. I see the tipi of my father. I can tell it by the things painted on its sides. But my father is not there. He sits on the hills and mourns. I dream much. Then I awake. To my ears on the moccasins of the air comes a step. Then the sister of the step comes; and others and others. They come nearer and nearer. It must be my friend, the one who has bound up my broken leg.—It may not be a friend! What if it is an enemy who wishes my leg to heal so he can carry me home to his people to torture me? The sunshine grows like the breath of Cold Man. My blood is the water of the stream in winter. I have not seen him yet because my leg will not let me move.

While I am trembling in fear he stands before me! I do not scream but he looks at me strangely. His eyes ask questions and his mouth says "Ahai." Then I know he has just found me. He is a Pawnee.

My people call them the Pathin.* I can tell by the scalp lock that stands erect like a horn. They do not hate my people. We hated the Pathin once because they stole the ponies of the Ma-has. But my father and mother have many friends in that tribe, for it was when my mother went alone to them that she gained much mystery. Yet she says the Skidi band of the Pawnees wanted to have her burned alive because they said the Morning Star was angry!—It may be he is a Skidi! If he is he will take me to his people. They will feed me good food for many days. When I am fat and juicy they will make me go from lodge to lodge. They will tell me to beg for wood. They will tell me to beg for red paint and black paint. Then when the people have given me enough they will paint half my body black; they will paint half my body red. With the sticks of wood they will build a fire. Above it I shall be tied. O, I close my eyes and put my hands—the *non'-be zhing*a my father loves so much—over my face. I cannot let my eyes look at the cruel Pawnee man any longer. His eyes are small and beady. He sees *numpa*, the fear, in my face

* Pa'-thing.

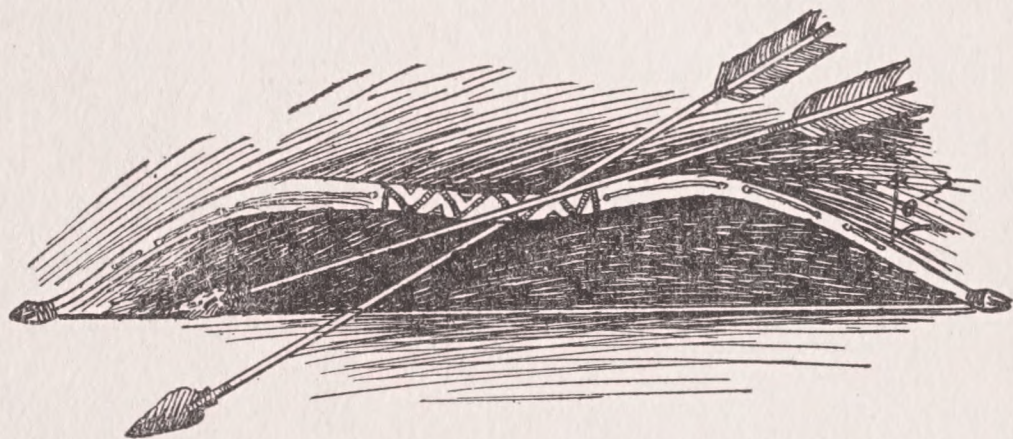
so he laughs. I wonder if he laughs because he is a friend or because he would like to see his people torture me? It may be he is not of the Skidi band of the Pawnees. If he is not then he may be a good friend of my father and mother. All the Pawnees know them. That all happened in the long story the old ones still tell.—A new thought is in my head: I will make the sign of friendship. It can do no harm. So I make it. He laughs again but he raises his hand in answer. Then he asks what is the name of my tribe. I let silence speak to his eyes. This frightens him. He seizes his knife and looks all about him. I shake my head. Then he points to my leg all bound up. He asks me: "Then who did all of this? Surely no child alone did this." Then he looks about and I know he says, "Yes, here are more moccasin tracks." I tell him I do not know; that it happened while I slept. Then I see by his eyes that he understands. So I say, "Thou art a Pawnee." He starts back! He cannot tell how so small a child should know his tribe. Then I open my mouth and say "Pit-a-le-shar-u." At this he jumps up from where he has been squatting on his heels. From his mouth come many

Pawnee words. But I do not know them. The word I said is the name of the friend of my father and mother. He saved my mother's life when those of the Skidi band were burning her. So I motion that "Pit-a-le-shar-u" was a friend of my mother. A look like that in the eye of a brave when he talks of his bravest deed in war comes to the beady little eyes. So I know I am safe. He makes the sign, "I am the brother of Pit-a-le-shar-u. Thou art a child of the Ma-has." So I start to put my arms about his neck when I hear a sound! Before the Pawnee can look around he falls on his face and I see the red eyes of Younger Sister as she pulls the bloody knife from between his shoulders! I scream in horror. I speak the Ma-ha tongue very fast. The head of the Pawnee is in my lap. I pat his cheek and say words I have heard the medicine men and women say to call one back to life. But he does not stir. Then I raise an angry fist at Younger Sister. I shake it at her. She stands with her bloody hands on her face. The knife has dropped at her feet. Then it is all in my head: She loves me. She thought the Pawnee was killing me! Poor Younger Sister! She is always wrong. This

time she has killed a good friend. That is bad. Then his band must be near. They will miss him and come to look for him. They will not let me tell them straight about it. They will kill Younger Sister. It is so awful I weep. Younger Sister stands still with bloody hands over her eyes. Just then I feel a movement from the Pawnee man. Blood is still flowing from his back. I call to Younger Sister. She does not understand my tongue but she listens to the voice and takes her hands down. Then she begins to do wonderful things with grasses and herbs to stop the blood. She tears the fringe from her leather leggings. Soon she takes the robe that shelters us from the sun and runs away. I know she will soon come back with water inside it. While she is gone there is a council in my head tipi. First, I am ashamed that I wear no garments. I had not thought of it before. I pick off the bunches of grass and try to weave a little covering for myself, but the head of the half dead Pawnee is lying across my knees. He does not know I am ashamed. I wonder why Younger Sister stays so long? It may be the water is far away. Yet because I know now that it was Younger Sister who ran after me when

I fell and then found me and cared for me and brought me here, it is in my head that she must have brought me to a place near the water.

There lies my knife. It is too far away for me to reach. I hope the friends of the Pawnee do not come here to find him before Younger Sister comes



back. She has no head to go away and not put the knife back in her belt!—I wonder whose knife she will call it now—her knife or my knife? I think it is my knife but I shall wait to see what her motions say. The bow the Pawnee held in his hand dropped near to where the knife lies. Maybe they will be friends.—Why does not Younger Sister come back? I open the shirt of the Pawnee. Yes, his heart beats but it seems to me to be like the heart of a young bird with no feathers. I like the good Pawnee.

I do not want him to go on the path across the sky above. And then after I have crossed water to get away from a ghost, I do not wish to have one across my knees.

I am so sleep hungry again! I cannot sit up much longer. I must try. I must be brave. But that black night is coming again. It comes in front of my eyes. I am like the rabbit when the back of his neck is hit. I go to the dead again. If I ask them questions while I am there and they answer me, then I shall not come back. I am so weary I hope they will speak to me.

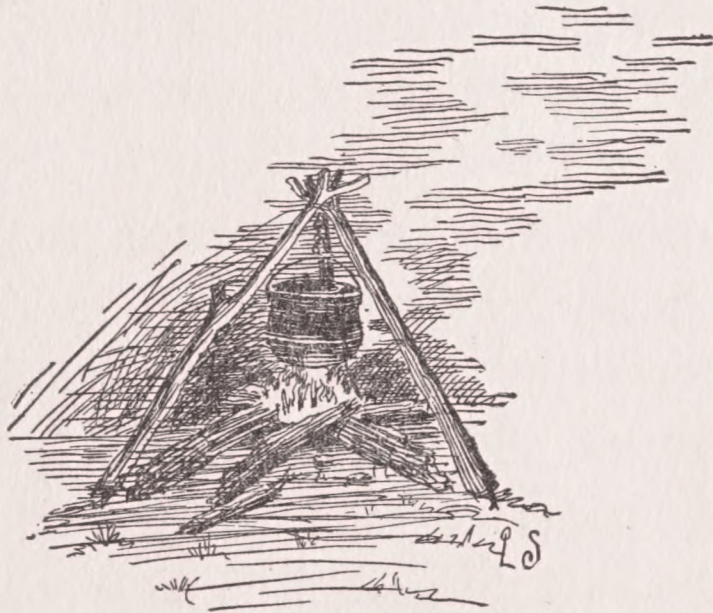
After time has gone on swift moccasins I open my eyes. I return. The dusk, the face-hidden-in-darkness, has come upon me but when I look for my wounded Pawnee I see he is gone! It is not light enough to know what the tracks may tell my eyes. I want so much to walk I do not show dignity. I grow angry and jerk my broken leg suddenly as a rider throws a lariat softly then draws it in with a jerk. I am punished. Arrow pains shoot through me again and I lie back very hot. Water is all over my face and there is a pain inside my belt. I lie still till some of the pain takes the trail.

Then I let my head work. The Pawnee's friends did not take him. They would have killed me or would have taken me along. I think he lost too much blood to walk away alone. Now, I have a thought! But I must lie still till morning walks or till Younger Sister returns. The moon is shining again. She looks in my face. After a while I see a long shadow fall across the grass not far away. Then another comes beside it. Again another skulking figure passes. Fear chills me again! The wolves! O how I fear they will crack my poor little bones with their long white teeth! If I could only reach the knife! I must hitch myself along a little at a time till I can reach it. It is not hard now that the Pawnee man's head is not across my knees. At last I reach it. I feel strong. I can fight now. Maybe the wolves will get me yet but I shall let the knife talk to their insides first!—But I get no chance to use it. In the moonlight with her face talking to her moccasins I see Younger Sister. She murmurs Assinniboine words. She knows I cannot understand. But Younger Sister is *weak*. She feels better that she has talked. I let her be foolish. *My* head is stronger. That is enough. She takes

the knife and sits in front of me. *The shadows slink away.* I sleep.

For many sleeps we stay here. Younger Sister leaves me often. I know. I can tell by the silly way she laughs and lets her face grow like the sunset that she is taking care of the Pawnee somewhere near. I wonder if his people did not look for him? It may be he was alone. Ahai! Now, it is all clear in my head: She put the medicine that makes the Great Look come to the face, on the Pawnee man! So she will have *him* for her man! I do not like this! I saved her for Little Horn.—But my mother says it is better to bead moccasins than to choose a man for a squaw. If you are careful the beads are put on right. But the man is never right.—So Younger Sister has forgotten the other Assinniboine brave who pursued her with the husband of Elder Sister? Her love is not strong like the turtle heart. It is not like that of my father and mother. And my grandfather knew it too. He never led another squaw to his tipi when my grandmother left him to go on the long trail alone.—No, the Assinniboine sister is not strong.—But I see in her face signs that her heart is glad so I shall not ask questions.

She is good to me. She brings me food. Sometimes it is hot. I am growing stronger now and I let my eyes and ears act as scouts. They tell me she brings the food in a Pawnee cooking pot. My mother has one like it. It was given to her by Star Eyes! Ahai, Younger Sister! I know. He had a little camp by



a streamlet. He had cooking pots and robes! That is where you go so often. I see your braids are always glossy now. You have found the red paint weed so your cheeks are always stained that you may be beautiful before him.

So I am like a dark rain cloud. But I shall stand up! She lets me. I do not wish to stand long.

I sit down. After a time I stand again. When the sun walks again I shall walk with him. Then the Assinniboine woman brings me a robe such as I have never before seen. It has much wonderful blue like the sky in it; it has red and yellow like the trees in the time when leaves fall; it has green like the grass and like the green stone. It is very thin but the hot days are here so I need no heavy robe. Younger Sister has brought the other robe for a shelter again.

Now the day is here when I shall walk. I lean on Younger Sister and together we go far enough so I let my eyes rest on the tipi of the Pawnee. It is a big, clean tipi! I clap my hands! But I cannot walk so far. I must go back to my shelter. (I say this in the silent language.) Then Younger Sister laughs and picks me up in her arms and carries me to the other tipi. There lies my Pawnee friend. His little beady eyes smile. He motions me to the seat where the guest goes. Younger Sister takes the place where the squaw sits. Then they laugh and hang their heads and act like the foolish bird, the loon. But I am glad they are happy. He can take her to his people. I do not think the Ma-has

would like her. It is good that I shall have no more trouble to get a lodge for her.

There are many things in the tipi new to me so I let my eyes eat all the food they want. It is in my head that these two will stay here till it grows time to join the Pawnees on their summer buffalo hunt. Then they will not want to take me to my people. So I shall get strong and go on my way alone when I am ready. My leg is almost well.

Ten sleeps have passed. The Pawnee is again strong. I do not tell them I am to start on my journey toward-the-heat, yet in the time that is near I shall let my moccasins go free. The Pawnee has let Younger Sister use his awl and sinews to make my moccasins. I am glad of this. I wear on'y the thin robe made of many colors. It was bought of the people whose faces are of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk. The Pawnee gave a buffalo hide for it.

If I am to travel alone I must have the knife. Younger Sister does not need it. She has a man to hunt for her now. It is good to have a man to hunt for a squaw. I know. I like to hunt for myself but I learned when I was alone that when I grow

tired I want my father. When I am older I shall listen to the flute call of a brave. Then I shall have my own tipi. My man shall hunt. He shall make stone axes and stone wedges. I shall have the best bowls of wood in the tribe for my man shall make them. And when my man goes out people will say, "What a good squaw he has," for all the bead work shall be neatly done; his hides shall be well tanned; his food shall taste good to the mouth. But if I do not start on the home trail soon the Ma-has may all be dead or gone to a far hunting ground so I must no longer sit thinking of the time-to-come. I have much head work for the time-that-is.

The Pawnee man watches me. It is in my head that he knows my thoughts. I know his; he wants to take his new squaw to his own people because it is almost time for the summer buffalo hunt. A strong brave always wants to join in that. Then he thinks, "But what shall we do with the little Ma-ha? We know she will not go with us to our people. I must return there because I have a message for the chief." Then he looks at Younger Sister with a smile. The smile says, "Of course she will go with me even if the little Ma-ha dies alone

on the prairie." I know it too. But my heart is not sad that this is so. If I had a man I would not let the child of another people take me from him. Only my father and mother could call me away. And then it would be because the Sick Man had them. They would have no right to call me away from my man for any other reason. All my people believe this.

But if I say to them, "I go toward-the-heat that I may join my people," the Pawnee will say, "It is not safe to go alone. Your people would say the blood of the brother of Pit-al-e-shar-u had grown thin if he let a *zhinga-zhinga* of the Ma-has take the trail alone. No,—thou goest with my Assiniboine and me. After the hunt is over my people may send me as a messenger to the Ma-has with their child."

So I play much alone where the buffalo berries grow. I gather them and dry them. I kill birds and dry their meat. I get all things ready to start away like a coyote; like a ghost. Sometimes I take the knife to use in the daytime. If Younger Sister does not ask for it I let it sleep beside me. I shall be careful that it sleeps beside me when I take the

trail alone. It is a good friend. I wish to have a bag with an awl and sinews and pieces of leather to mend moccasins. But I cannot take the one my two friends have. They need it.—Then I wonder where Old Leader is! He has my garments, my sewing bag and everything in the pack I tied on his back. I wish he would bring them back to me.

The night is here. I think I feel black hands all about me. I hear Younger Sister and the Pawnee breathe. The sound comes to my ears on air moccasins. It tells me they sleep. Over on the other side of the hill is my pack. I shall need it on the home trail. If their eyes had not been so busy saying “My squaw” and “My brave” to each other, my two friends would have seen that I was getting ready for a long walk. What my father says is true: many worms crawl away because the mole has no eyes.

Wa-oo! How black the night is. It is full of stillness. The sun must have gone to a war dance away very far in the underworld. The moon, too, is gone.—But I must walk out into that thick darkness. It is soft like the down on the swan. I can almost pat it with my *non'-be zhing*a, my little hands.

O, my father! "*Non'-be zHINGA*"—I wish my ears could hear him say it now! Let me listen very hard: No, I hear only an owl's hoot. He will get many mice tonight. There are many field mice on the hills here. They eat the wild oats that grow.—Why do I not make my moccasins take the trail? In the dark I let my eyes walk to where my friends sleep. I should like to touch their hands or pat their faces again. They have been very good to me. But I must not. It would waken them. After that they would watch me. So in my heart I say "*a-ga-geth*" and go out into the night. I wear the knife. We are taught not to steal. I think the knife is mine. I carried it across the river. I shall ask my father if I am a thief. If he says I am then I will get my father to send a messenger to the people of my Pawnee friend. He may take the knife back. But I must get home to the circle of tipis of my people first. If I do not do this, how I can ask my father?

I say, "Come, little moccasins, run fast." They obey me. Soon I am on the other side of the hill. I pull out a big stone from a hole in the side of the hill. I reach in to get my pack. I am always losing

things. Where is my pack? The hole is big: I will reach around farther in the corner.—It is gone! The water comes to my eyes. I lie down on the earth. I weep. But soon I know I must be brave. I must travel without a pack. So I arise and take the trail for the south, toward-the-heat for I can tell by the signs that my people will soon be on the summer meat hunt. I must get there before they leave. Nobody stays behind but the very old ones who cannot keep up—or someone who is in the hands of the Sick Man. And when roving bands of other people come they sometimes kill all those left behind. Faster, O, my moccasins!

After a long time away off on the side where my left hand is, I see the sky grow lighter. Then I know the chief of the sky is going to get up. But he will stretch himself awhile first. He will shake his red robe, too. Yes, faint streaks of light come, then many colored clouds, the *monx-pi'*. Far out and wide they roll. My eyes see so much I listen to see if the ears will get no food. I do not see how the sky can have a war dance so silent. It is like the spirits of departed warriors when they have their war dance in the night sky away up toward the Star-

That-Moves-Not, when leaves begin to fall and the frost spirits come.

When the day walks a little nearer I must hide in the grass. It is like the Pawnee to hunt for me. Besides I am sleep hungry. But I shall walk on yet a while. I am on a higher ridge than they are. I planned my trail many days ago. I shall follow the ridge near the river; then if I see any of my people on the other side I can signal to them. It is in my heart that the camp fires I saw long ago were those of a band of Ma-has going to seek me among the Yanktonais. I hope they did not kill Kage! I wish Kage would come from the grass now and say with his eyes, "Little Sister, I will take thee to thy people." But it is wren chatter to think this even inside my head.

I wonder what took my pack? Maybe it was an animal. Maybe it was the Pawnee man or Younger Sister. If they did it they were foolish. I have been much alone. I am strong. I can travel without a pack if I have a good knife.

It grows warm. The sun bounds up at once. He is big and bright. If I look at him it makes brown spots on the grass. I shall find a shady place.

Then I shall lie down to sleep. There is no water nearer than the river. I miss my pack. I had everything I needed in that pack. But I am very sleep hungry. My moccasins do not want to move.



They beg to rest. On the hillside is a big oak tree. It is larger than my father's tipi. I shall rest here.—
Wa-oo,—here come my dream friends!

It is pleasant to lie like this. Sometimes I close my eyes; sometimes I open them and look up and

see the hot, blue sky peeping down between the branches of the big spreading green tipi above me. The birds hop and twitter and peck at worms. They have no eyes for me and I have been quiet for so long. After a time my eyes do not want to open again. I hold up my hand to the dream friends. I sleep a long time.

It is late. The sun has walked across the sky and he looks with hot eyes into my face. I turn over and open my eyes. My body is behind the tree but my head is farther out so I see something that makes me lie close and still: a band of red men, not my own people! They are traveling toward the bottom of the valley for they must camp near water. I hope they will not see me. But they are also going toward-the-heat. That will make me travel on slow moccasins if I keep behind them and if I stay here too long, the Pawnee and his squaw may find me. I think it is strange that they have not already found my trail! No! Now I know: they saw the strange tribe coming. They hid. It is all in my head now. If I had not been sleep hungry or stupid like the owl I should have known at once.

I watch the strange tribe move on. It is a small hunting party but they have young men posted on the hill-tops to be the eyes of the people. The tall one that will see this tree looks all about. I hope he will not see my head sticking out beyond. If he does I think I am so far away he will think it is only a stone or a piece of wood. I lie very still. I do not move when I see him stop and let his eyes talk hard at my tree. I know he sees something under it. I hope he will go on. But he stands still. The sun is broiling my back. If he stands there much longer my rib bones next to the back bone will be cooked. He stands longer. After a little time has gone on slow moccasins he moves on. I breathe better but I must not turn yet. Soon he looks back. I see the other runners are watching him. He sees it, too, so he comes towards me! I shall not move. I shall play I am dead. Maybe I can fool him. No, it is wren chatter to say it. Who can fool a scout? He must be the eyes of the people.

CHAPTER VIII



HE others pass on. They know he will let them know what is under the tree.—Nearer he comes. He comes so close I know he is not of my people. He looks like someone I know. Closer he comes.

It is very hard to lie still any longer! It is Kage! He sees me, too! I can tell it by the glad look on his face like the sunshine falling on the prairie. But he makes a sign with his mouth that I must not move. He comes to the tree, kicks close to my head, as if it were a rock, then walks away to the trail again. My sad eyes follow him till he has gone where their moccasins cannot go.—My Kage! The sun goes to the underworld, the face-is-hidden-in-darkness, the little stars come out in the dark sky and I sit up and weep. I wonder if he will come back to me? I think he will do so for he did not betray me to his people.—I am belly hungry and my throat is sore for water. I am glad to go on the path of ghosts and shadows. It is too hard

to walk any more. I cannot rise. I hope Kage will come back and build the four days' fire on my grave. Just now I feel a hand on my hot forehead and a gourd of water is put to my lips. My ears are glad. They hear a little low laugh like water in a stream with a rocky course and they hear the same murmuring of words that came to them when Kage wrapped me close in his robe on the cold night. It is my Kage! Now I shall not travel the white path across the sky. He brings me food—some fresh buffalo meat—and as I eat it I wonder if it is the meat of some young friend of Old Leader. But even if it is I must eat it.

I know Kage cannot stay long. His people will miss him. It is growing so dark I can barely see his sign talk. I tell him all I can of my story. I wish I had the walk of a whole day to make sign talk to him. I wish to know what he thought when he missed me. Now he puts his arms about me. He strokes my hair. Water falls from my eyes. My heart is lonesome to see my father and my mother. When Kage starts to leave me I cling to his arm as a little puppy clings. Then Kage laughs and says pretty Yanktonai words to me and pats

my head. He motions for me to sleep, for he is to watch on the hills till the middle of the darkness. I do not know what plan he has for me but I lie down quietly for I do not have to think now. I shall let my little head rest, too. The meat and the water have made me strong hearted. I shall sleep. Soft summer night winds creep around me like the silk weed blowing; the crickets chirp and some sleepy little birds quarrel in their bed above me, then settle down to quiet dreams again. I am almost happy now. If I could only lie down in my father's tipi and hear the happy words my father and mother would say when I am with my people again! But I sleep. Once I awaken and find that Kage is killing a coyote that stole up to eat my meat. Then I sleep again. Kage will take care of me!

When I awaken it is bright day. Kage is gone! I look all about for him. He has left no trail! I climb up into the tree top and let my eyes walk over the land and the river far toward-the-heat. How big and broad the water is! It is so hard to cross. My people live on the other bank. So it is in my head that I was foolish to cross over to keep a ghost from following! Yet if I had not come I



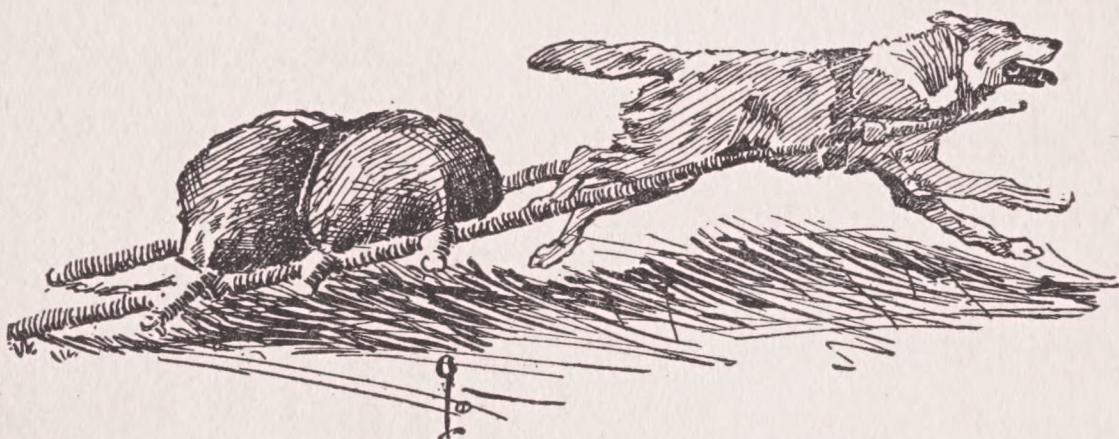
“He strokes my hair”

would not have seen Kage. His face is good. My heart is glad that my hungry eyes have had the look food again.

Away, toward where the heat comes from I see the Yanktonai band traveling on. They have poles tied to ponies and dogs to carry their food and shelter. Scattered on the hills to guard the trail I see the sentries, "the eyes of the people," the Ma-has call them. I sit up here in my tree for a long time. There is much food for my hungry eyes. For the belly we have many kinds of food. There is the plant we call "looks-like-tripe," that grows on the prairies after the spring rains fall. It is good to the mouth if we cook it in fat. The marrow from a boiled bone is good belly food. Corn and meat boiled with the new shoots of the milkweed taste good. The *wa-thske* made of pounded corn mixed with buffalo marrow and honey, I like, too. But the best is when we kill all the biting bugs with smoke and drive them out of their tree. Then we eat the honey. It is good to the mouth.

So my eyes have much food: there is the big water, there are the great stretches of prairie grass; on the river banks are many beautiful trees. I see

small streams with willows along their edges like fringe on a moccasin leg. I see wild animals moving over the prairies. Many birds fly in the blue air. Again I look at the band of the Yanktonais. I see one scout stop. Then he lies down in the grass. To my eyes it is better food than the honey of the stinging bugs! It is Kage! My heart tells me it



is Kage! He is coming back to help me. But my head tells me, "No." If he tries to slip away they will only look for him. They will think he has broken his leg in a gopher hole or that the Sick Man has him. I need him so! I want Kage to come and get me!

Now my eyes get good food! Kage is getting ready to hunt alone. We call it *a'-bae* when one man or one man with a few helpers hunts alone.

The Pawnee man was hunting in that way.—Kage has a good head! I know it now. He has planned this hunting that he may come back to me. My Kage is a great hero. When he is old I think he will be chief of his people.

Now I climb down from my tree for he comes near. I run to him. He laughs. Then our hands speak much. He tells me he cannot stay long with me because his people will come back to look for him. When he knows I wish to cross the river his eyes wear the troubled look like the big eye of a little lake when I throw a stone in it. Then his hands ask who brought me across in a canoe. As our moccasins travel on side by side I talk much with my hands and tell the long tale of all that happened after I crawled out of his warm blanket and ran away to be swallowed up by the wet, cold mist. His hands and his voice speak no word. But his eyes say much. Then he puts me in the trail behind him and we go toward the river.

Now I let my eyes eat. Kage is tall. His back is straight like the poplar tree. His body is strong as the oak tree. His legs and his arms are tough like hickory. He holds his head proudly like a great

chief. There is a young brave in the tribe of my people who tries to look like a chief. He talks much of the brave deeds he has done. Sometimes the other young men laugh and make songs about this one. His name is Shage Duba, Four Hoofs. I want Kage to go to my people with me. He would show Shage Duba how to stand. He could show him how to act. I know Shage Duba would boast of great deeds he has done. I know that Kage would be silent. He has done many brave deeds, I know. I can see that it is so by the proud way he walks, but he would never say boasting words.—Ahai! What does Kage? We have not spoken as we follow the trail. Now the sun is sinking lower and lower. Kage makes a motion to stop. I knew he would do this. We are near a small run. Maples and cottonwoods grow along its banks. It leads to the big water, the *Ni-u-ta-che*. I know we shall camp here tonight. So I hurry to gather the grass and twigs. Kage leaves me. He goes to get small game. I know why he looks just where he does. I, too, saw *shu*, the prairie chicken, as she went to her nest with her young ones that have grown old.

I wonder if the children of *shu* do as do the children of our people? When we have traveled over one hill of life then the old ones say we are old enough to know sorrow. They say of a boy "His mind has become white." Then he goes alone. He stands still on a far, lonesome hill top. He puts clay on his head. Then he raises his arms to the sky. He calls the name of the Wa-kon-dah. He stands still for a long time. His arms are raised. Then the sun goes to sleep. The face-hidden-in-darkness comes on. A little time the red and purple flames light up the sky; then the robe of soft blackness comes out and covers the boy and all the land. The trimming on the sky robe shows soon. Across it stretches the white path, the path of the dead. Many silver stars fringe the borders of the black robe. The crescent moon comes out. Yet the boy moves not. Only are his arms raised to the Wa-kon-dah. The night winds blow softly at first like the laughter of a *zhinga-zhinga*, then stronger like the cold voice of one who knows much pain, then they shriek like an angry squaw when she sees the enemy strike her man. The dust-smoke fills the air. It blows in the face of the boy. He still

stands. His arms are raised to the Wa-kon-dah. The rain falls. It beats on the body and in the face of the boy. He does not feel it. He speaks with the Wa-kon-dah. When day comes he eats no food. His arms grow stiff and tired, but he still stands. Again the day. Again the night. For four day walks he stands. Then he goes to his own place, to the tipi of his father. He eats little food. No one speaks to him for the Wa-kon-dah has sent him a dream. In the dream is some animal which the Wa-kon-dah has sent him to help him in time of trouble. He must not tell this to any man but to some old man who has dreamed the same dream. I think much about this. Some maids "stand sleeping," too. My people call it that. When I get back to my people I shall stand sleeping for I have known sorrow.—And so I wonder if the children of *shu*, the prairie chicken, do this way, too.—But I must get the fire built so Kage will know a good head is on my little shoulders when he comes back with one of the children of *shu* to cook and eat. I see he comes. A glad look is on his face. I take the dead bird from him and pull its feathers off. I clean it quickly by the stream. Then I put it on a

stick and roast it before my fire. Kage lies down. He puts his hands under his head and laughs loud. I do not like to be laughed at so I let my lips stick out. Then he laughs again. After a while he asks who showed me how to build a fire. Then I tell him all about Younger Sister and the Pawnee man. He sits up and I can see by the look in his eyes that he likes to know the things I tell.—Then we eat our bird but Kage's eyes go on a long trail. He is thinking. I do not like this so I go over to him and strike him. He laughs at this but he goes back to his thoughts. I wish Kage to see how old I am so I put all the things back in the pack. He looks pleased but his head is still busy. He asks more about the Assinniboine woman and her story. I tell it all. Then it comes to my head that he knows something about her people. But because he does not tell me, I ask no questions with my hands. Like a little dog I sit down near Kage and let my eyes talk to him. He looks into the fire as it dies. The fireflies come out and shine on the trees. The air grows cooler and a soft wind creeps about us like a stray dog in a camp. My ears are lonesome for the sound of ponies eating grass; for the stamp of

their little hoofs. I am lonesome for the smell of the camp and for all its sounds. Before I know what I do I let my head fall on my hands and the salt water comes to my eyes. Kage grunts. But it is a kind grunt. He says kind Yanktonai words, then holds me in his arms and smooths my hair. At this I weep loudly—for he makes me more sad. When I do this he laughs. Then I am angry. I try to draw away but he says words that sound as if he says, "Foolish child! Be still." So I sit still and let my head fall on his shoulder. And I weep till I have no more water in my eyes. Kage is very good to me.

Far off I hear the roaring of the Ni-u-ta-che. I wonder who floats down dead upon it now? I begin to feel sleep hungry once more. Kage fixes the robe and lies down to sleep. I crawl on his arm and he likes to have me for he pats me as I do my little dog. I am very happy. Over us is the big, wide, black night-sky with a few shining silver stars peeping at us. Crickets chirp, trees talk softly and the gentle night winds sing to put the stream to sleep. It weeps like a tired child. I am so glad that Kage is holding me as my father or

mother would do. Maybe we shall see them soon.— Now I sleep. When I open my eyes Kage is gone but I can tell that he has only gone to the stream to bathe. He has left the robe over me for the air is cool. I lie like a lazy puppy for a while. When I see Kage coming I jump up. Kage has an angry look on his face. He points to the ashes and says words in angry voice. He asks me why I have made no fire. At first I am afraid. Then Kage laughs. He lifts me up and tosses me high in the air. So I laugh, too. I like Kage. I shall try to get him to go to my people with me. He says we must eat cold meat from his pack and hurry on swift moccasins to the big water. He tells me he has been on a high hill looking; that his eyes have seen much. I wish to know what he has seen but a little sister must wait till an elder brother wishes to talk. So I get ready to follow Kage. We start at once toward the river. Soon we are on the top of the ridge that falls down to meet the water. Then I see many boats. They are round so I know it is the bull boats of my people! I clap my little hands—my *non'-be zhing*a. But the people are a long way off. They are coming up the stream to land not far

below us. I look at Kage. His face wears a troubled look. Then my head gets it! He fears his people and the Ma-has will meet each other and fight. His face is sad. His eyes talk to me. But we let our moccasins take the trail toward the big river, the Ni-u-ta-che. I follow Kage. A squaw always follows. Why are my people crossing the river in the bull boats? It is not in this direction that the buffalo country lies. Our hunters sometimes cross the big water to hunt the elk or the deer for these are their hunting grounds, but nobody wants elk meat in the summer moons. No, it must be a war party. But it is not in my head that our enemies live here. I wonder if they found out that Kage's people were here and came over to kill them? My heart talks loud to my ribs. When we come close to my people I shall walk in front of Kage till I tell them all about my journey. I shall not tell them that Kage took me first. I shall say, "A Yanktonai brave took me."

The day is very hot and I see the moccasins of Kage go slower and slower. The grass is tall over on the hills so it is not easy to go forward. Kites circle in the sky above us. The sun blazes down

like a big sky camp fire. Maybe Kage is tired. Sometimes I think he wishes to stop to rest. I cannot let it come into my head that Kage has *numpa*, the fear, in his heart! Prairie chickens start up as we step near their nests. They fly away with a whirr of wings. Then they settle down and laugh at us because we do not look at them. Even the ground squirrel laughs at us. Still slower go the moccasins of Kage. When we reach a lone oak tree that grows on the hillside he motions that we must rest. I tell him, I say, "I do not wish to rest. I must go forward to meet my people." Then I see that Kage has a story to tell, so I sit down and the small, strong, brown hands say, "When I threw the robe over thy head it was in the moon of the spring rains." I sit quiet. It is wren chatter to tell me what is already in my head! I look in Kage's good face. Then I ask him, I say: "Did a band of thy people attack my people?" And his hands say, "Yes." So I weep for I have fear in my heart that my father was killed—that he has been looking at me from the white path across the sky. Kage knows this so he says, "Weep not, little sister. Thy father may yet live. All I know is that my two

friends and I went toward the Star-That-Moves-Not, alone. The band stayed near the tipis of thy people. They had many fights. One moon in the time that is past, they came back to the lodge of the Yanktonais. There is still much blood in their hearts. They are here to make war again. They wish to cross the river below here. Last night while thou slept I saw strange signal fires on these hills so I knew a Ma-ha scout who had long watched had found food for his eyes. The fires told the tale to thy people. They come with boats." Kage has told me so much that is already in my little head! I think. Then I say, "I can find my people alone. We must have no more fighting. Take thy people toward where the sun rises. Tell them great bands of Ma-has are hiding in the hills on this side of the big water!" Then Kage looks at me and laughs. After that a look of trouble is in his face. He pats me on the head and I lean against him and weep for I know that he will leave me. I may never see him again. He says words that I do not know but I understand his voice. It means, "Be brave. Why dost thou weep? Thou and I must save our people from more war." Then he takes up the trail for

his own camp and I watch him for a long time. His moccasins are not tired now.

I let the water dry in my eyes. Then I eat a few late strawberries that I find still hiding about. I know when I get nearer to my people and nearer to the river I shall find plums to eat. Some kinds will be ripe. My moccasins are light now and I go fast toward the big water. I grow careless. I do not look for signs as I should do. Suddenly I see a brave coming toward me from a hill toward where cold comes from. At first my heart stops talking to my ribs. Then it says "*Thu! thu!*" very fast. He comes on swift moccasins. He acts in a very strange manner. He seems to be stalking game toward-the-heat. So I let my eyes walk that way. He is after Kage! I must make him see me. I must stop him. Now, I know that it is the Ma-ha scout that built the signal fires Kage saw in the night. Then I see what a noble brave Kage is for he could have crept up to the place of the signal fire and killed the Ma-ha. But he stayed to care for me! I must save him! He is tired from much travel. The Ma-ha has only slept and rested long in the tall grass waiting for new things to happen. I run forward. I raise

my hand. It is Shage Duba! How I hate him! He is always telling tales of great deeds he has done. He always does these brave deeds where no Ma-ha can see him. It is very strange! He stops still. He is surprised. All he says is "*Wagh!*"

I make the sign, "May I use lip language?" and he says, "*Ugh!*" So I ask where are my father and mother. He says he does not know. I ask if the Yanktonais killed them. He says he does not know! Then he turns to go on to chase Kage. I wonder what I shall do? I think fast. "Take me to the skin boats," I say. He motions to Kage. Then I say, I tell him, "Thou hast no head! He may kill thee! Who will tell the tribe all thou hast learned of the enemy?" His moccasins stand still for a little time. He thinks. Then he says, "I will tell thee." So I let him tell me all he knows of the Yanktonai band. I ask many questions. I take up much time. Many times he tells me I have no head and then I weep. But even when he has finished I see that Kage has not gone far enough away. Shage Duba starts on after him. I must think fast! So I scratch myself with a rose brier. Then I scream and throw myself down. Shage

Duba comes back on swift moccasins. I roll and moan. He tries to see what has hurt me. I scream and roll over. After a time I say, "*Stha-thu!*" (rattlesnake). After much time he finds the place where the rose thorn bit me. He sucks the poison



out. But I pretend that I am very weak. I keep him there till the sun has walked far past sun high. Then I act so very weak and ill he picks me up and takes up the slow trail down to the bull boats. *Kage will be safe now!*

It is good to my eyes to see my own people again. They are dressed for warfare. Ga-hi-ge is the leader.

His robe is tied in at the waist and over his breast. I see the round pieces of embroidery that show where the strings to tie the robe together are sewed on. The day is warm and because Shage Duba has now told of signs of the enemy, Ga-hi-ge may take the hot robe off. He is glad. Nobody likes to wear a heavy robe when the day is hot but it is the law that the leader of a war party must not untie the strings till the scouts tell of signs of the enemy.

Each warrior has a white covering for his head. It is of soft dressed skin. They wear no feathers, no ornaments. These things are not for the fight. When they really get into the fight they wear only the breechcloth and moccasins. Sometimes a brave wears his "medicine."—I like to see the warriors! First there are the ones that get game for the war party; next I see the ones that carry and mend the moccasins. Some women are with them; then come the kettle carriers. Some of them are women. I see, too, those who make the fires and bring the water and carry the other things needed. But best of all my eyes like the warriors. Yet my heart is sore that there is so much fighting. All the elders say it is better to raise corn and melons and squashes

and to teach the little ones to be happy. Yet when young men grow older they all want to be braves. All inside my head is mixed like the turbulent water in the river. Our people have many songs, many dances and ceremonies that make a youth wish to go to fight. Then how can the elders say it is better to sit in the lodge and teach the little ones to be happy?

Two moons have come. They have gone. The moons left much mystery. My people left behind in the lodges must have gone on the summer meat hunt. I am sad that I could not go with them, but the band on this side of the big water came to chase the Yanktonais away so I have had to stay with them. There is much hate in my heart for the one who was the eyes of the people, for Shage Duba, Four Hoofs. Every time I beg to return to the circle of tipis he looks at me much; then he tells the war leader not to go back. I hate him. Whenever I say I wish to learn whether my father and mother still live, a laugh comes to the face of Shage Duba. Sometime I will kill him.

The days are still warm and bright but the nights are cool now. My people have given me new gar-

ments. Some women have come with the war party. They mend moccasins and cook the food. I help them and they laugh much. We still follow the trail toward where the sun rises because Shage Duba says the Yanktonais came this way. But the scouts see no signs of the enemy. I am glad that they have escaped. I do not wish to see dead bodies. And the face of Shage Duba is like a war-cloud. When anyone says the Yanktonais have escaped, I laugh. I never let Shage Duba find me alone. He would lift me up by the hair. But I would kick and bite. Once I swung a field mouse by its tail. It was little. It bit me. For many days I had a sore hand. The grandmothers bound it up with medicine plants. A little thing can sometimes bite hard. Many times I stick out my tongue at Shage Duba.

Ga-hi-ge is the name of the war leader. Four times must I put up my hands to tell the number of the warriors in this band. The Yanktonais must have made my people very angry that they would send four times ten warriors after the enemy when it is time for the meat hunt. There is much fear in my heart because my father is not in the

war party. If he sorrowed for me he may have put a pair of my moccasins in his belt. That is so he could go out alone and kill the enemy that he thought had killed me. If his arrow sent the man on the white path across the sky, then he would place my moccasins beside the cold, dead body and to the spirit he would say, "I, Village Maker, bid you go with my daughter, my *wi-ni'-thi*, for you have sent her on the spirit trail alone. She is afraid. Guard her. Take her to my kindred who have gone before."—But I am not on the white path. If my father has done this thing, then I may laugh at the ghost of the enemy. But that would be because of a bad heart so I will not do that. It is in my heart to put a question in the air to Moon Hawk woman. I arise early. The sun is sending red flowers up into the gray clouds. Ghost spit is on the weeds and many spiders spin their webs. All the gentle blossoms of early springtime have gone. The flowers of the summer moons have joined them on the death trail. Now the coarse yellow and brown blossoms of the gum weeds stare at me from the grass which will soon be brown. We have made camp for two sun walks that the

scouts may go out to look for signs of the enemy; that the women may cook up much *nug-the* and mend the moccasins; that all may rest. The war leader sits much alone on the hills. I think he makes medicine. There is mystery in the air with the smoke-haze of Indian summer. I see the young warriors go to bathe. They do not stand straight. Their heads are hanging like the heads of ponies after a long trail has been followed. I see some of the braves throw themselves on the grass and cover their faces with their robes. Then I know how they feel for my heart has felt this pain many times since I was carried away from my dream hills. In their hearts is the home-pain. Ga-hi-ge, too, sees it. He has seen it for many sun walks. When braves get this sickness they cannot fight. If the enemy falls upon them they are killed. So after all have taken food, the war leader calls some of his braves together. I wonder what they talk about? I shall soon know but while I wait I shall ask Moon Hawk woman why my father is not with us. So I ask her. She does not know. When this band left, my father and mother still hunted in the hills for me. This makes wrinkles come on my forehead.

It may be they were killed by lurking Yanktonais. I weep. But soon I hear glad cries all about me so I forget my sorrow. The warriors are to have the dance that will give them the strong wolf hearts. They sing and dance. The home-pain goes away on swift moccasins for the song brings back the home camp. In it sit the women. They sing:

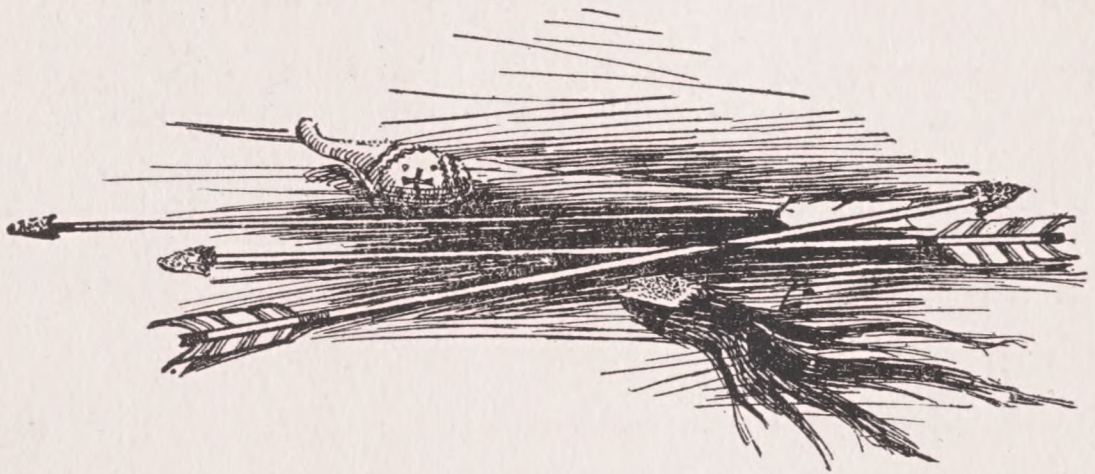
“Ena! The one I wish for my man has gone to fight.

“Ena! The one I hate has not gone forth. He waits here.”

So the braves are again of big heart. The women they love would have the hate-heart for them if they came back without fighting the enemy.

It is the time of the dusk, the face-hidden-in-darkness. It grows cool so the ponies kick up their heels. They run about much so they are hard to catch. I think a cold rain is coming. It makes me shiver. It is cold and lonesome when it rains. The chief must keep his dance of the wolf-heart going if he keeps the young braves from wanting to go back where the gardens were left. Suddenly on the top of a far hill appears a scout. He makes signs. We see him in the last light in the sky that comes from the place where the sun goes to sleep. Then all the warriors are glad for

he makes signs that he has seen the camp of the enemy. I cling to the two elder women. There is much fear in my heart. But the Moon Hawk woman tells me I have the loon heart. She tells me of many of my elder brothers now dead at the hands of the Yanktonais; of how the wife and little



daughter of Big Axe were carried away as captives. Then I, too, have a big hate-heart for the Yanktonais. I go outside the tipi where Ga-hi-ge and the braves are singing the *mi'kaçi*—the wolf-song that they may have strong hearts for the fight. I join in the singing but old Moon Hawk woman pulls me away by the hair. She slaps me and rolls me in a robe and holds it tight about me. I spit much and claw her hair and try to bite. She and the other women laugh much. This makes me very angry

like the rattlesnake but they hold me tight. At last I get so sleep hungry I forget to struggle. I sleep.

Long before day-lies-pale the men start out so when I open my eyes the women and one young brave hurry behind to hide in the hills near the enemy. We keep out of sight. Often the young brave goes to the top of the ridge to cry the trail to us. Then a strange thing is there. We all rush to the top of the ridge to look. We see a camp. It is not the camp of the Yanktonais. It looks like a camp of our own people! I cling in fear to the older women. They whimper like dogs when there is the death mystery in the air; when the whip-poor-will calls his name, "*Ha'-kug-thi?*" I now know. I am only a little child and not a strong brave. The young man lets his eyes see all that happens as the band goes nearer to the camp. Then he tells us to hide and wait till he comes back. Then his swift moccasins take up the trail. We all fear to look at him. It may be a ghost camp. Until it is sun high we huddle on the hillside. We are so afraid to move we grow cramped. Our legs ache. Then I think of how much I suffered when I was

alone on my home trail because I feared a harmless little ghost! So I break away from the two women and go to the top of the ridge to be a scout for myself. When I see what happens I make signs that I go to join the warriors. The women may follow or they may stay. I go.

CHAPTER IX



NOW I will tell you a story of the Bad Village. Big Elk told it to us in the cold winter moons when we all gathered round the camp fire of big logs to listen to the elders. This is the story Big Elk told:

First I will tell you how the lodge looked because Big Elk had a very big lodge. He was a good brave. Inside his lodge was everything a red man needed. His squaws loved Big Elk. They did the best bead work and quill work. The winter lodge he had built

down in the wooded lands near the river. Cold Man could not bite him there. The lodges of his sons were near. Some of them were skin tipis; others were earth lodges like those of Big Elk. But none was so large as this one.

One time the snow fell for many sun walks. The river froze. At night the blast howled outside like a pack of hungry timber wolves. Then the ones inside cuddled up in their warm robes and were glad they had food and a good lodge fire. But the cold grew worse so they had to stay in the lodges too long so that the young men grew angry at one another. Then said Big Elk to his herald, "Go, tell all my people to come to the lodge of Big Elk when darkness falls on the land." So the herald went out and cried it to the people. And they all came. The guest that Big Elk wished to honor must sit opposite the opening to the lodge. Many couches were made of thick robes all folded and placed around the big fire place. The small daughter of Big Elk swept the ashes back into the fire hole with a brush of turkey feathers while the elders talked. Many young women came in wearing robes of fringed and beaded buckskin. On their backs they

carried their *zhinga-zhingas* each in its *u-thu-hu*, its cradle. All the maids and young men wore their best garments and had their faces carefully painted. When a maid saw that a youth wished to speak the language of the eye to her, she put her robe over her head. Then he would speak some more with his eyes.

On a forked post beside the fire hung the cooking pot. Beside it was a little hole where had been the sharp point of the wooden bowl in which the corn was ground fine enough for meal. Wooden bowls and

drinking cups were all put away in the places beneath the couches, as were the spoons of wood and buffalo horn, the willow baskets to hold fruit, the hoes made of the shoulder blade of the buffalo, the stone axes and other things that the family did not use all the time. Snowshoes and saddles hung from the posts set about the fire hole. There



Big Elk

were rattles made from the gourds and green hide rattles hanging from the walls. Flutes made from the wing of the eagle and reed flutes with long tassels to make them beautiful also hung about. All the bead work in the lodge showed much care and that happy hearts had taught the hands that did it. As the people came in they said many words in praise of the family of Big Elk. He sat at the left with a huge war club beside him. After all were seated a silence fell on the people. The little ones moved about but their mothers patted them into silence. When all could hear the winds outside fighting each other like warriors of the Yanktonais and of the Ma-has, the Big Elk looked very sad. He had seen many fights and much heart-pain. The wails for the dead sat heavily on his heart like a stone on the back of a pony. He spoke:

Away beyond lived a man of the Buffalo Tail band of our people, the Ma-has. He was called He-ba-zhu, Knobby Horns. He was very happy. He and his wife had three sons. When the Great Mystery sent them a daughter they were happier than before. They had many feasts in their lodge. Everyone liked to go there. The two sons were very

careful of their little sister. Knobby Horns was not a chief but he had much honor in the eyes of the people for he many times showed bravery on the battlefield; he gave many feasts in his lodge. The people like a brave who gives many feasts.

The daughter was called Little White Buffalo. She was taught all the things a maid should know. She was polite and never passed in front of anyone in the lodge without saying, "*Te*

ha"—"Permit me." She learned to go for wood and water that she might be a good squaw. She could skin a buffalo and cut up the meat as well as an old grandmother. She knew how to remove the flesh from a hide with the *we'-ba-zha-be* and she could tan a hide well. After she did this work she would take the soap weed and bathe in the stream. Then she



Hebazhu

would dry herself with the sweet grass or the wild sage that she might smell sweet. The smell of fresh hides is bad to the nose.

Whenever she went to be the guest of someone she always ate all the food placed before her so the giver of the feast would know it was good to her mouth. She knew how to make the dyes of all the colors and how to color the porcupine quills and embroider with them. She made many bead necklaces, lariats of nettle or buffalo hair, hair brushes and paint sticks. Her brothers wore the best garters and moccasins in all the band. Their leggings were so beautiful that all the young braves envied them. Whenever the father gave a feast all the young men from other bands came. They looked only at Little White Buffalo. They knew not what food went to their bellies. All they thought of was eye-food. When a brave is young that is the way with him.

Every morning Little White Buffalo rose early and went with many of the other maids and some grandmother to bathe and to bring water and twigs back to the tipis. Sometimes they would meet a band of the young men who were coming back from the stream. One day Little White Buffalo let her

eyes look out from her robe. She saw the eyes of Standing Antler. His eyes spoke much to her eyes. She covered her face. Then another time in the warm summer nights when the people danced in a skin lodge, Little White Buffalo stood outside with other maids. The old grandmother who was with them was busy looking into the lodge to see the dancers. She did not see Standing Antler creep up quietly and make a sign to Little White Buffalo. After he made the sign he went away. But Little White Buffalo only hung her head and wanted to go with him. She did not go.



Little White Buffalo

Once it was spring-time and the young men laughed at Standing Antler. He cut a branch from the red cedar tree. He rounded it. Then he split it open with a stone knife. He made it hollow. Six holes he made in one half. Then with glue made by boiling the hoofs of the buffalo he stuck the parts to-

gether. The young men laughed at him because they knew he would play a love call. When the grass was as high as the ankle of a *zhinga-zhinga*, then he waited till one morning when the grandmothers were not looking. Then he played the flute call. Then Little White Buffalo heard the call. It made her heart say "Thu! thu!" to her ribs. But the grandmother led her back to the tipi and would have beaten her only the father and mother of Little White Buffalo would let nobody beat their youngest.

Once when the face-hidden-in-darkness was on the land and all the family were gathered inside the tipi of the father and mother a badger scratched the side of the tipi. But nobody went out. Another time they all heard the badger scratch the wall of the tipi. "I will go out and kill the badger," said one of the brothers. So he went out. Little White Buffalo sat very still and listened very hard. When her brother came back he said, "I was wrong. There was no badger here." And on the third night the badger scratched. They all laughed and said it must be a ghost badger for nobody could find it. So when it scratched a fourth time nobody but

Little White Buffalo heard it. She rose and went outside. She did not make any noise. Nobody saw her go.

One night a tent pole fell somewhere outside. The crickets and the night birds were singing so nobody but Little White Buffalo heard. She went outside. She did not make any noise. This happened four times. Nobody else knew anything about it. "We will soon make a lodge," said Standing Antler. Then the sun shone very bright. The grass looked greener than before. Even the rain was pleasant as it fell and ran in little streams all over the land. Little White Buffalo had a smile for all the *zhingazhingas*. Standing Antler had a helping hand for all the little boys who tried to make arrows or flutes. All things looked good to Little White Buffalo. All things looked good to Standing Antler.

But one day Great Hair came to the lodge of Little White Buffalo. He sat long with her father. He said no words. Only his eyes talked much to Little White Buffalo. Then the sun did not shine so bright. When the sun again walked the land, Little White Buffalo saw seven ponies tied in front of her father's lodge. She crept out before

the others were awake. She cut the nettle lariats that bound them. The ponies went home. They



Great Hair

went back to the lodge of Great Hair. Then was there much *nump*a, the fear, in the heart of Little White Buffalo. She knew that Great Hair would think his gift was too small. She had seen him look much at her. It made her have the hate-heart for him. She knew he would pile many robes and much beadwork

on the backs of the ponies and send them again to her father's lodge.

She tried to see Standing Antler when the women went for water. He was not in sight. He was busy for he was thinking of a new lodge. So Little White Buffalo said to a maid, "When you see Standing Antler, make him a sign that I wish him to come here." The maid laughed.—Now Little White Buffalo had no heart friend among the maids. She had no need of a heart friend till now. Her brothers had been very kind to her. She did not know why the maid laughed. The maid said she would tell him.

Now Standing Antler was very handsome. He was tall. His back was broad. He stood up very straight. His hair was always neatly braided. His paint was always put on well. So the maid wanted Standing Antler for her man. So she waited till Little White Buffalo could not see her. Then her moccasins took her near the camp where Standing Antler was at work. He was making an *u'he*, a mortar, from part of a tree-trunk. He had already chipped the bottom of it so it could be stuck into the ground. He then put coals in the top to burn it out. To his other self he said, "I will smooth this *u'he* with sandstone and water. I will make it smooth on the inside and on the outside. Little White Buffalo shall be proud of all the things I make for her lodge." The maid saw this thought in his face so she made a motion. But it did not say what Little White Buffalo told her to say. It meant, "Little White Buffalo bids me tell you she knows a brave who has many *u'hes* and many ponies." Then the maid hung her head and smiled. But Standing Antler did not look at her any more. He tried to keep on working but his hands grew clumsy like the paws of the grizzly. His heart grew heavy

like a big stone. So he went to the river. He sat down beside it. He sat there all day. He ate no food for his belly was full of sadness.

At star time he listened to the night winds. They spoke of other evenings when Little White Buffalo had come out to meet him. Then he said to his other self, "I will see if the maid told it straight." So he went to the side of the hill. The big shining moon rose from behind it. There it shone on someone hiding in the grass. No words were said, but Standing Antler dropped quickly down beside the one who hid, for the moon would tell on them if they stood up. Their shadows would talk. Then he heard Little White Buffalo speak softly, "Where hast thou been all day? I sent for thee early because I knew Big Hair would send more gifts." Then she told of how she had cut the nettle lariats. Then he felt great pain in the throat. He put his arms about her. She put her head on his shoulder. Then she said, "It is too late. He has brought more ponies. There are many rich gifts on them. When the sun walks again some young men will carry me to his lodge. My father has promised it.—I heard their words."

Now the Wa-kon-dah makes one young man for one maid and these two were made the one for the other, so ponies and robes meant nothing to them. The wish of the Wa-kon-dah is greater than the wish of an old brave. So the Little White Buffalo and Standing Antler made a plan. When the moon hid she went back to the lodge of her father. When the day walked the land again all the camp was busy because a great wedding feast was to be given in the lodge of Big Hair. All the women came to help dress Little White Buffalo. She let them paint the part in her hair and put on all her beaded garments. They carried her to the feast. All the people came. They ate much food. They were very happy. Even Standing Antler came to the feast. He stayed late. Just before the dusk, the face-hidden-in-darkness, came on, he went out to where he had two swift ponies tied with buffalo hair lariats.

Soon old Big Hair and Little White Buffalo were left alone in his lodge. She went near the gourd of drinking water. She upset it so all the water was gone. She picked it up and ran out to get some more. The old warrior waited. He liked a squaw with

willing feet. She was young. She was strong like a young pony. He thought much about this. He folded his old hands. He had not a kind heart. He thought that in a few winters they would have many *zhinga-zhingas* that would soon grow to be braves like his elder sons. Some of them now had lodges and many little ones of their own.—Then he thought of how wrinkled and ugly Little White Buffalo would grow. But that made him laugh. When he laughed it wakened him for he found he had fallen asleep. It is hard for an old man to go courting. Then he looked around for Little White Buffalo. She was not there. He wondered how long he had slept. When she did not come back he feared some wild animal had caught her. So he went out and hunted for her. It was dark so he could not see. So he called his relations. They made torches and hunted for her but they could not find her. All night they hunted. When day walked again, the relations again took up the chase. They found that Standing Antler was gone. Then they all knew. But nobody told the mother of Little White Buffalo. She grieved as for the dead. But the father was silent. He had taken the ponies. He had not asked

Little White Buffalo if she wanted Big Hair for a husband.

For many days the friends of Big Hair kept up the search for he had many ponies. He was a rich old warrior.

The two older brothers of Little White Buffalo thought as men thought, but the youngest had thoughts like those of the little sister. His heart was sad. He sat much alone on the hills. He saw the scouts of the old warrior go out when the sun came up each day. At star time he saw their moccasins on the home trail. Each time they came with empty hands. Each time the ropes dragged loosely. That made him glad.

One day the sun came up. The grass was green. Yellow dandelions looked through it. Dog-tooth violets grew in the damp places. New yellow-green leaves crept out all along the arms of the willows. On the hillside trailed the moccasins of Young Fox. He was the heart friend of younger brother. His eyes looked for signs. His ears were open to let the sounds come in. Away off he heard the mighty waters travel. The sunlight fell on the water. It made it sparkle. It was like a laugh when braves

charge in battle. His eyes did not look. His ears did not listen. We close the flap of the tipi to some guests. We open it to others. Once he heard the chirp and song of birds. They talk much when the sun shines on the grass. It makes them of glad heart. They are happy. But he tried not to listen to birds. It was pleasant to lie down and listen to happy noises but he was the scout for his friend who was with the father and mother and two brothers while they ate their morning food. Suddenly the war song of the hoofs of ponies sounded on the trail. He stood straight. He listened, then he saw much that gave him sorrow. His moccasins went fast as the hoofs of the antelope. When he reached the lodge of his friend he said in quick voice, "Elder brother, thy daughter is found." All three men stood up. "Go on swift moccasins if ye wish to see her before she takes the trail again. The old man has stripped all her beautiful garments from her. He beats her to death. I still hear her screams in my ears!"

Then said the father to his first born, "Go, my son, see if this is true." And though it is the custom to obey yet the first born refused to go. "Go thou,"

said the father to the second son, but he only bowed his head in shame and stood still. With eyes that flashed like *thi-um-ba*, the lightning, up straight rose the youngest brother. He put on his quiver filled with arrows. He took his bow and ran quickly to the lodge of the old man. All the band was there. To the ears of the brother came the screams of Little White Buffalo. The youth pushed all aside. He did not look to see whom he touched. He did not care whether it was a brave or a youth. "Ye are cowards! Why do you not save little sister?" He rushed to the scene. Blood was flowing from the smooth, beautiful brown skin on his sister's back. Great welts were on her arms and on her head. The boy loved his sister. He took his best arrow from the quiver. He twanged the bow and the wicked ghost of Big Hair started on the trail to the land of ghosts and shadows.

At once there was much fighting. The sun went behind a cloud. The day was no longer bright. Blood rained over the field. The skies had no need to send the rain to wet the land. Some of the people thought the old warrior was right. They joined his family and fought on one side. On the

other side fought the friends of Little White Buffalo. All day long the fight raged. Then the Wa-kon-dah sent the sun to sleep that there might be no more fighting. The dusk came on. Many men and women lay on the field with ghastly faces and blood-matted hair. Those who lived grimly went to their lodges but the sleep hunger would not come. Though there was no wailing yet many hearts mourned in the dark and bloody silence, broken only by the wild snorts which came from the frightened ponies.

When the sun walked again the followers of Little White Buffalo rolled up their robes and tipis. They packed their ponies with all the things that are used in the lodges. They took the trail toward where the-sun-rises. They crossed the big water, the Ni-u-ta-che. The land of their fathers knew them no more.

The friends of Big Hair saw this. So they rolled up their robes and tipis. They packed their ponies with all the things that are used in the lodges. They took the trail toward-the-heat. The land of their fathers knew them no more.

There was no wailing on the hills. There were no

grave fires. Silently the living departed. The dead lay with ghastly faces. On the top of a far hill stood a lone coyote. Above him in the big blue sky an ugly buzzard flew round in circles. They watched till the last of the living had gone from sight. At star time a bright moon peeped over a hill. What the moon saw made her sad. She went back into the sky and hid.—Now even the bones left by the coyotes and buzzards are gone. They are ground to dust by the feet of many rushing herds of buffaloes; by the wind and rain; by the snow and the hail pebbles that wipe all evil signs from the earth; that make all things live over again in happier shape. That is why the wind and rain can whisper so many tales to us; it is why they talk the language of all the red men.—But the ghosts of all the friends of Big Hair still walk over the spot. The *wazhin'*,* the spirits of the friends of Little White Buffalo, still stay there. An endless ghost fight goes on. Many travelers have seen it. Many war parties have felt it. Nobody can cover the spirits now. You cannot camp on the spot. The old warrior's ghost is still there. All the ghosts of the

* Wa-zhing'.

dead wander about. There was no earth put on their bodies so their ghosts will always be restless. The spot is called Ton'-won-pezhi.* This means Bad Village. This is the story Big Elk told.

All this comes to my little head when I see the leaders of our band. They are making signs. They seem to use the lip language too. So I run. What people are these who can speak the tongue of the Ma-has? Who are these that live away beyond the Ni-u-ta-che?

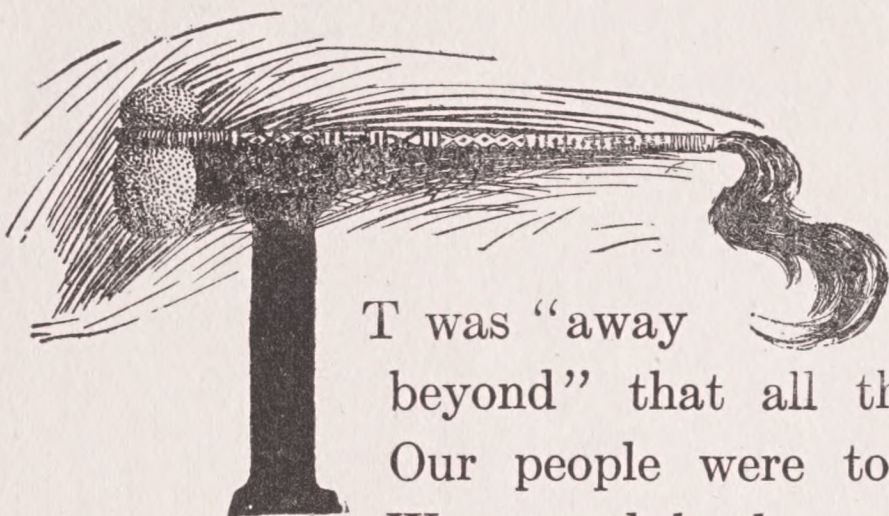
Yes, now I listen. It is true. These people are the children of Little White Buffalo and her friends! I am glad Big Elk told the story. Tonight there will be a big feast around the council fire. There will be passed the peace-pipes. I shall learn much. I wish first to see Little White Buffalo and Standing Antler. Big Elk did not say whether they both lived. It may be that the dust of the bones of Standing Antler is blowing around the prairie near Bad Village yet.

The two women come up. Tonight we have a great feast given to us by our kinsmen. Our leaders

* Tong'-wong-pezhi.

will beg that they come back to live with the Ma-has. I am sleep hungry. I do not care whether they come back or not. As I fall asleep I see Shage Duba through the smoke haze. It is in my heart to stick my little red tongue out at him, but my head tells me, it says: "If you do that he will think of the Yanktonais. All the Ma-has have forgotten about the enemy because they have found their friends. Put thy little tongue away. Let it sleep. In that way Kage may escape."

CHAPTER X



T was "away beyond" that all this happened. Our people were together again. We moved back over the trail to the river. We got into the skin boats. It was long past the summer moons when we reached the home village. Only a few were there, some old men and women who were too old to walk far enough to join in the buffalo hunt. The grasses and weeds grew in all the cracks of the earth lodges. I liked to look at them but my heart mourned for my father and mother. An old man told me that they had gone on the buffalo hunt, so I knew that unless my mother or father had died while they were on the trail, my eyes should again be glad like the waters of the pools when the sun shines on them.

Now I will tell you: They came back. My father

had a big heart and my mother held me in her arms and tried to make me again a *zhinga-zhinga* but I said I was a brave. Then the people laughed. I played all the tricks I could on Shage Duba. He is still a great boaster.

When the time of falling leaves is past and the winter night lodge fires are built, it is in my head that he will tell many boasting tales of how brave he was when they chased the Yanktonais.

The winter moons have come. The blasts howl through the trees. The trees have no robes now so they shiver and toss and moan. After a while Cold Man will come and put a robe of snow on them. Then they will look beautiful.

It is warm and comfortable around the lodge fires, but every day the men go out and cut holes in the ice. Then we must all plunge in the icy water. If we do not bathe the Wa-kon-dah will send the Sick Man and death among us. Sometimes the little ones will not go for two sun walks if it is very cold but we must go many times.

The hunters set traps for the small animals. To-night some of us go to the tipi of Moon Hawk

woman. She and her man are giving a feast to the new kinsmen who have come back with us. One of the new girls is my heart friend. Her name is like the one Big Elk told about. She cannot be the same one because all that happened "away beyond." And she has not seen enough winters to have a lodge. It may be that she is the daughter of Little White Buffalo. I will not ask her. If she wishes to do so, one day she may tell me.

Moon Hawk woman has been cooking food all day for the feast. There will not be many guests in her tipi but we shall be of full belly. My father and mother have been invited to bring me. My little heart friend is to go with her parents. Her father's name is Little Wings. The new brothers are not quite like us. They have lived apart from us for two generations, the old men say. But they must learn all our ways for they are still Ma-has.

I am dressed ready to go. I put on my long moccasin leggings. They are very warm. There is a pretty beaded garter around each knee. The moccasin strings tie at the bottom of each legging. There is some very pretty red and green porcupine work on each of my little toes. I wear my robe

with elk teeth and shells sewed on it. My hair is very long and my mother has brushed it with the *mi-ka'-he* made of stiff grass. She put buffalo fat on hers but she says I do not need it. My mother is getting my father ready, too. She unbraids his long hair. He has worn it that way all day, so it will wave to-night. My mother is very proud of his long hair. Some men cut all but the scalp lock. She will not let him cut his long beautiful hair. Some days he says he will do it. But he never does. She puts the little bone case that holds an eagle feather in the scalp lock. It is a mark to show a brave deed my father did. Under his robe he wears a braid of sweet grass. When my mother puts on her best robe we all start to go to the feast. We were bidden to come as soon as the sun had gone to the underworld. It has been dark and stormy all day but we do not care. We have thought all day of the feast. Moon Hawk woman knows how to cook many things. She likes me better now. Before we were together on the other side of the water she lived away on the other side of the circle of tipis. I did not know her very well.

Each of us takes up his bowl and starts to the

feast. If any food is left in our bowls we must bring it home so Moon Hawk woman will know we like her cooking. She would never ask us again if we left any food untasted.

We go in. Little Wings is in the seat of honor. My eyes speak to the little sister who is his child. Her eyes talk back. Just then my eyes see something I hate. It is Shage Duba! Our friends like him. I do not.—We all sit down quietly to catch our breath. We must have time to be composed. It is good to have dignity before one speaks. When the son of Moon Hawk woman brings his wife into the tipi and is seated, we are served with the food. In front of her are many kettles filled with much good food. The son's young wife helps Moon Hawk woman by passing our filled bowls to us. We do not touch the food till the husband of Moon Hawk woman lifts a small portion from his bowl and drops it into the fire. Then we may eat. That was given first to the Wa-kon-dah.

The new brothers have forgotten to bring their dishes but the tipi has enough so they are happy. Next time they will know. We eat the good roasted shoulder of meat. Moon Hawk woman has roasted

the cracked leg bones, too. So she serves us the marrow with a brush made from a sprig of wild cherry. It has been pounded flat just to serve the marrow. Our hostess has flavored the meat with the bark of the slippery elm and she has put salt that she keeps in a bladder bag on the meat, too. It makes it taste good. They got the salt away from toward-the-heat beside the salty water creek.

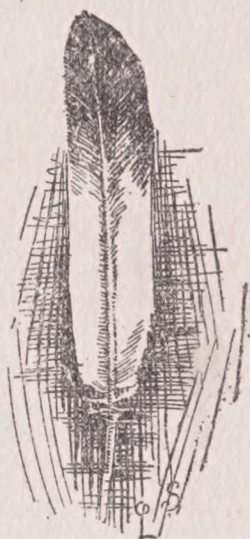
After we have eaten the meat and marrow our bowls are filled with *wa'-thske*. The wife of Little Wings likes it. She asks how it is made. So Moon Hawk woman tells her. I know too. It is made of pounded corn mixed with honey and buffalo marrow. I try to tell but my mother puts her hand over my mouth and laughs. But I do not laugh. I am angry that I cannot talk. But just as I think I want to kick and scream, the hostess holds up something that makes me forget all about my anger. It is slices of *um'-bag-the*! I quickly pass my bowl up. I say as do all the others, "Elder Sister," as I do so. Of course the son says, "My mother" and uses the kinship term. My little friend does not know what to say so my mother whispers it to her mother. Then she says, "Elder Sister" as I do. How good

it tastes to my mouth! I eat my slice. Then my eyes look hungrily at the pot for more! My mother is ashamed. I have been very naughty to-night. I know. The hostess only laughs and cuts me two more slices! Soon we are all full of belly. I hear one mother tell her little boy not to make faces when he eats, not to grunt like an animal. I do not do such rude things. I show my new friend how to sit down, too. She does not know how. I tell her, I say: "Little Sister, sit thus:" Then I sit sidewise on the left. My legs are drawn closely to the right. She is so awkward she cannot spring up without touching the floor with both hands! She will never get a nice brave for a man if she does not learn these things! But I do my best. I show her much. It is sad that her band has lived so long away from us they have forgotten how to be polite!

While the elders drink *ta-be'-hi*, we run around. After the bowls are all washed we gather quietly around the fire to listen to tales. Little Wings tells one first. It is new. We have never heard much of the lives of our new brothers. We like it.

Shage Duba now wears an eagle feather that he gained for some brave deed while he spied on the

Yanktonais. He thinks he is the greatest brave in the tribe. I hate him. He thinks he has a great head. Finally after he puffs himself out like a snake that wants to bite, the husband of Moon Hawk woman asks him to tell us the tale of the big ghost and the robe. I never heard any tale of the big ghost and the robe! I prick up my ears like a pony that scents water when he has long walked a dry trail. Here is the tale he tells:



“Elder brothers, it is ye to whom I speak. My deed is one that the elder brothers would not even keep in their heads but to one of so few winters it seems much.”

I wish to stick my tongue out at him but all the old men have their eyes fixed on Shage Duba as if he were a great brave. I look in his eyes and then it is in my head that he does not tell it straight. He speaks on:

“Ye all remember the days when there was much wailing on the hills because of the dead left behind by the Yanktonais. The hearts of the women were heavy like clouds before the rain comes down.

The child of Village Maker was lost. It was in the heads of all that the enemy had carried her away that she might grow to be a squaw and be the wife of a Yanktonai. The pain in the heart of the mother was greater than that when a child's moccasins go on the trail across the sky. It was in the heart of the mother that the *zhinga-zhinga* lived. It was in the heart of the father that he could see his child on the spirit trail. His grief was great. He cut off great locks of hair and threw them to the four winds.

“One day he went to the keeper of the Sacred War Pack. ‘Elder brother, venerable one, I will give thee a feast.’ So they ate food in the lodge of Village Maker. Again on another day as the keeper of the Sacred War Pack sat in front of his tipi with hands folded, ‘Elder brother, venerable one,’ his ears heard, ‘I will give thee a feast.’ So it was. And this happened a third time and a fourth time. Then the keeper knew that the Village Maker wanted to go on the war trail against the Yanktonais because of the loss of a *zhinga-zhinga*. So the keeper opened the pack. He showed the Village Maker his duties. He taught him all the rites to perform

when the sun rose; he taught him all the songs to sing when the sun went to the underworld. He told him how to send out scouts to be the eyes of the party; of the signs they should use; of how to attack the enemy. The skin bags with medicine to ward off evil spirits and enemies were put in one pack. This Village Maker gave to one to carry. There were ten of us in his party. We were of big heart for our leader carried the moccasin of his dead child in his belt. We knew he would go till he killed a warrior; then he would place the moccasin beside the body of the dead warrior. He would say, 'Go, be the servant of the spirit of my daughter. Lead her on the spirit trail till you reach my kinsmen.'

"We danced the *mi'kaçi*, the wolf-dance, that our hearts might be strong. The Village Maker whispered to each of us the place where we were to meet. We did not want others to join us. That night we met under the lone tree that stands on the hill. We stole out like the wolves; the pads of our feet could not be heard. No one spoke. After a time the leader sent four of us to the four winds. 'When ye hear the howl of the coyote, come back.' We went, each to one of the four winds. We looked.

We waited. The moon passed from sight behind a bed of clouds. The chill night wind went through our bones. We saw no signs of the Yanktonais. The time grew long. In my ears still rang the cry the women gave, the hawk-bird's cry that would give strength to the band in a fight. Then lone and chill across the night-sky came the howl of a sentinel coyote. We waited not. With quick moccasins we took up the trail and went back to the leader.

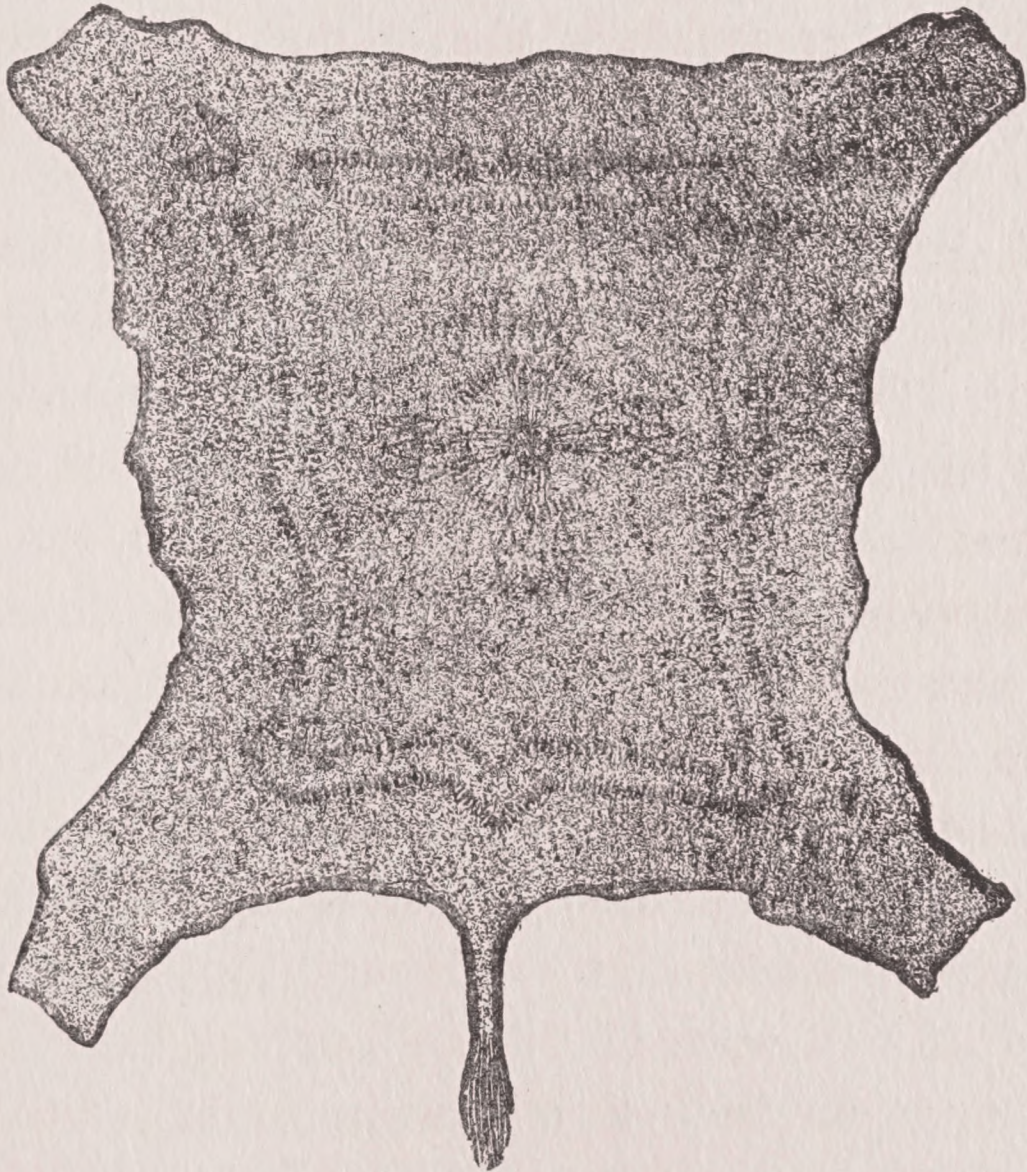
“For many nights we traveled on. It is not for the Shage Duba to say he did brave deeds yet the leader selected me to go alone to find traces of the enemy. He gave me a cooking pot. It was filled with the *um'-bag-the*, the corn-and-beans. I was to be gone two sleeps. He pointed to a far ridge where I was to join them if I found news that I could not send by signal fire.

“Now I was of big heart. Yet I knew I was near a ghost camp. I saw ghost spit on the grasses, yet I said in my heart, ‘I fear not.’ On I traveled till I was leg weary, till my eyes were sleep hungry. I carried no heavy robe for I traveled fast. Once just as the face-was-hidden-in-darkness, I stood upon a high bluff. All about the great circle my

eye moccasins traveled. They saw no sign of the enemy. I walked to the little stream at the foot of the bluff. Many wild animals lived in the thickets near. I saw many tracks. 'I will make a fire,' I said to my cooking pot. So I made a fire. I rubbed the two sticks hard. Soon the flames leapt toward the Wa-kon-dah. I filled the gourd with water. I ate. I slept. When the night grew old the animals came. I made the fire leap high like a war party.—When the sun walked I killed a rabbit. Then my moccasins took the trail to the top of a steep bluff where I lay down to wait, to wait for signs. The sky was blue. Far off I saw the buffalo herds, slowly, slowly moving. The hawk-birds gave no war signs. Yet I felt *numpu*, the fear, in my brave heart. My moccasins led me back to my camp fire. The sun trailed across the sky. It passed sun high. It neared the place where the sun goes to the underworld. Again I cooked a rabbit. Again I felt *numpu*, the fear. My moccasins led me to the top of a bluff. There it was! A *ga-ja-zhe*! I knew the member of the little people's band would lead me astray. I left the rabbit and cooking pot. My good moccasins took me to the tall grasses.

Till the face-was-hidden-in-darkness my eyes watched the *ga-ja-zhe*. It was small but its charm was strong. Many times my eyes saw nothing. My ears were dead. A great black mist hung round me. I covered my eyes with my hands. I feared to become blind. Behind it trailed the magic robe. Sometimes it was small, sometimes it grew large as the skin of a giant buffalo bull. At times it was white. Then most I feared, for no brave can fight with the *ga-ja-zhe* or with ghosts. Then for a time I went to the dead. What I saw there ye shall know when I speak again. When I returned the sun had gone to the underworld. The flames of the camp fire were trying to leap to the sky. The *ga-ja-zhe* had grown to a huge form. It stood with its great arms upraised. It spoke Ma-ha words to put *numpu*, the fear, into my heart. But I was brave. I lay still. I waited. It had four long hairy arms; two were like the legs of a white buffalo; two were like the human being arms. Its hair was like the hair of twenty buffaloes. It had two faces and two long ears. Yet I was brave. I lay still. The great hair tossed in a sea of night breezes like a lake full of poison snakes. Then it crept to the camp fire

The night grew cold. Soon I saw huge flames dart upward. They grew into strange shapes. It was



Ghost Robe

the magic of the *ga-ja-zhe*. I moved away softly. My eyes were blinded. I could not look toward the awful shape. Suddenly I felt near me something

warm. It was the ghost robe! So the Wa-kon-dah put it in my heart for me to carry this away as a sign that my medicine was powerful. I rubbed my medicine pack and took the robe in my arms. It *changed from white to brown* but still I ran like the deer-feet. On a far hill I fell. All my strength was gone. I was weak like a willow that has grown too fast. The ghost had drawn my strength. I looked back and saw in the flame light the shape of the ghost looking for its robe. Then I had fear in my heart again. But I rubbed the medicine bag and the ghost went back to its camp fire. My medicine was strong.

“The false signals made by the ghost sent the leader on the wrong trail so it was many days before we found each other. The enemy escaped but beside me is the ghost robe. I am a brave man. Many times in the night the robe turns white yet I have no fear. My medicine is strong.”

Shage Duba folds his arms and looks like a venerable man! My mother and all the grandmothers are holding me down and putting their hands over my mouth. I have words to speak! The chiefs and the elder brothers have been led away long enough

by this crooked talk! I bite but I am carried away.

When we are again in the lodge of my father I tell them all about the ghost robe! Then their faces are very grave and they tell me that Shage Duba is very strong now with the chief; that I must wait till a better time before I tell my story. So I wait. I will tell it in the time-to-come!

My people have changed camp many times. The Dakotah people have made our hearts sad. The Iowas have tried to pitch their tipis near us many times but the wolves from the direction of the Star-That-Moves-Not have stolen our ponies and some of our women and children. They have killed our braves. Many of my people wear long hair because of these Dakotah wolves.

Our village now is called Ton'-won-ton-ga,* Large Village. It is made on a stream that winds about much. It is so peaceful here I wish to stay. There is a big rock near. In it is a hole where the fork-tailed kites make their nests. All along the winding stream which we call Village Creek are many trees. The willow trees weep. The women make baskets of

* Tong'-wong-tong-ga.

them. The boys make whistles and flutes from them yet they are foolish trees for they weep. They droop like young women whose braves have gone on the trail across the sky. The oak trees are different. They stand up like strong old warriors. They do not double up when we cut them down. They are brave trees. In springtime it is pleasant in our village. We move from the lodges to the cool skin tipis. The smell of new leaves and fresh grasses is in the air. The earth sends up little red plants in the damp places. It is so good to be a child when the time of new growing things comes! I lie on my back on a hill top and see the bunches of white clouds float above me in a sky bluer than the lake. The soft new grasses at my side all speak to me in tender voices. The gentle winds whisper stories carried from the north land and from the south land; from where cold comes from and from where the heat comes from. Sometimes the moon wants to play, too, then she creeps faintly into the sky to look down. But the sun will not let her come too near. He is a big warrior.

Then I listen. I can hear so many voices! Far off are the slow fat buffaloes. Sometimes I hear an

angry bull bellowing across the plains. I hear all the language of the birds. Then I rise and go to the hole in the rock where the fork-tailed kites build their nests. The other children are there, too. Some of the big boys want to destroy the nests but we beg them not to do this. The kites give us much to learn about and to look at. They keep our eyes at work. We make clay papooses again. But I am too old to be a child now. I shall go back to the tipi and do the things the women are doing. Many girls who have seen no more winters than I have seen listen and hang their heads when braves play flute calls or sing love songs from the hillsides.

I am in a rage like that of a wounded buffalo bull! My mother laughs at me. The other girls poke me in the ribs with their elbows. I strike them. Even my father laughs as he unties the pony Shage Duba has placed outside our lodge. If he puts any more gifts outside our lodge I will go out and spit at him. How can Shage Duba sing love songs to *me*! I have ever had the hate-heart for him. It is not a funny thing. I do not see why my father and mother laugh so much.

The-moon-when-the-deer-love passed on swift moc-

casins this time. We all gathered the hazel nuts and it was pleasant to have my mother always come near whenever Shage Duba tried to shake the nuts out of the tree from which I gathered. There is not one of his family that wears a mark of honor.



He should know I could not have the Great Look for him even if I did not have the hate-heart for him. Whenever I see him laugh I feel like a bear that has slept through the winter moons. It is in my heart that he is a *mon'-sa*.* A *mon'-sa* talks always of his own brave deeds. My father says brave deeds

* Mong'-sa.

are better told by another than by the one who does them. When the winter moons are here I shall tell a tale in the lodges. My mother says we may plan it. Afterwards we shall laugh.—Now I must forget it and let pleasant thoughts come into my head tipi.

The moon shines with a yellow light. It is like the yellow corn. It is like the dandelion. It makes the rocks look soft like the cotton of the water flags. It makes our hearts full of a sad feeling that is like happiness. My father and mother wander much alone on the hills of yellow light. I know they are glad to be together away from the others of the band. Once I heard them say they were of big heart because I liked their lodge better than that of a stranger. Yes, I have lovers. The elder brother of Shage Duba looks toward me too. He is not as bad as Shage Duba yet he is of that family. But he tries to have some honor. He is getting together the things that he may be the leader of the hunt when again we go for summer meat. A maid might let her eye moccasins travel toward him after he had led the hunt once. He has a better head than has Shage Duba. I saw him counting the things

he must take to the Council of the Seven before he may ask to be made *wa-thon'**, the hunt leader. He has the black eagle and the golden eagle. Their skins are dry. I have seen the skin of a white swan drying in the sunshine beside his tipi. He has many buffalo robes. So I know that he is gathering the things he must take to the Council of the Seven before a leader is chosen for the next meat hunt. His sister has helped him. I have watched her tanning the hides. From sun-out, through sun-high to sun-gone she has labored with the *wi'-ba-zha-be*.— But I do not want any of the family of Shage Duba in my tipi.

The time travels on swift moccasins and the moon-when-the-deer-shed-their-antlers is with us. Also the younger brothers of Cold Man have begun to bite us. The ponies run and jump. The grasses are all dry. Almost all the robes have gone from the trees. They look cold and bare.

When the rain falls the little ones go out and try to play in the wet clay but they soon come in and stand around the cooking pots to get their hands warm at the blaze. The mothers make them clean

* *Wa-thong'*.

their moccasins and sweep the ashes back into the fire hole.

Shage Duba says he wishes to go on a deer hunt. He wishes to be leader. He has much honor with the elders because of his ghost robe so they let him go as the leader. It is not like the buffalo hunt so no one cares. They go out to-day. There are many braves that go. Little Bear cannot go because his squaw is very sick. I have fear in my heart that her spirit will soon travel the white path across the sky.—The days go on. The squaw of Little Bear is weaker each time it is sun-out. All the women take broth to her but it puts shame on Little Bear. Then he starts out. "I will go. I will be the first to cut up an elk. I may then bring home fresh meat." Little Bear says this to my mother. So my mother sits all the day walk in the tipi of Little Bear while the *wa-zhin'*, the spirit of his squaw travels on uneasy moccasins from this world to the spirit world. Sometimes all day long she stays in the spirit world. To-day she has been gone. The snow is falling as it is sun-gone. We look on the far-off, lonesome, still white hills and we see Little Bear returning. In his hands is no meat. He comes

nearer. His hands are bloody. Yet he has no meat.

Now it is the law that he who reaches the dead elk or deer first and cuts into it shall have the half of the meat next to the backbone. So I know it was Shage Duba who shot the deer; that he would not give Little Bear his share. He is very powerful now and his word is stronger than that of Little Bear who has had to sit long in his tipi taking care of a sick squaw. He has traded all his robes and ponies for food; for good things to make his squaw happy. It is in my heart that only those two saw the meat. Poor Little Bear sits down and folds his hands. He is like a wounded animal. Sometimes he shuts his teeth hard. Sometimes his eyes look like the eyes of a dead fish. The eyes of a dead fish always make me cold. They are ghost eyes.

The squaw of Little Bear calls softly, "Come, my man!" He goes inside his tipi. My mother whimpers and comes out. Then all the dogs know there is the death mystery in the air. They whine and rub against us. The air grows warm and the soft snow melts away. It leaves the earth black and mournful. I see Little Bear stumble out of

his tipi. He sits alone in the cold on the far hills. He mourns. No sound comes from his lips. No water comes from his eyes. The women make his squaw ready for the journey. When day again walks they will dig a place on a hill top and then her body will be placed in it sitting up so she will face where the sun rises. Over her they will put willow poles. Then they will cover all with the earth.

It is sun-out again. They have put all the bead work and the cooking pots she loved with the body of the squaw of Little Bear. Nobody would call her name now. By the grave sits her man. He will let his hair grow long. He will eat no food. He will keep the fire on her grave for four days and for four nights. It is very sad.

The hunters have come back. Nobody knows about the meat. I look long at Shage Duba. His eyes talk to his moccasins. He is not honest!

The days go by. All the elders are talking about the next buffalo hunt of the summer moons. I think it is too early to talk of that. There is time enough when the winter is over, and the gardens have been made, to talk of that. I do not know why it is but the elders seem to fear the buffaloes will soon be no

more. But I think the Wa-kon-dah has promised the buffaloes to his red children for all the time that is to come. The elder men are growing restless like captured wolves. They do not show dignity.

Again it is the moon-when-the-little-black-bears-



are-born. I am to tell a story when we are all gathered around a camp fire at night. I have heard the elders say that Shage Duba will be leader of the hunt when again the tribe moves. His brother went out alone to get a magic buffalo hide that a Crow scout told us of. He did not come back. The elders think he may have been killed. The magic buffalo is white. It is very hard to kill one.

The night is here. All the elders have been asked to hear my story. My father has much honor.

Yet Shage Duba has many followers. I must tell my story. It is in my heart that much belly-famine will come to my people if Shage Duba is *wa-thon'* of the hunt. So I will tell all that happened after I left Kage.

* * * * *

I have spoken. A silence falls on the people. In the heads of the elders are the two tales! The one told by Shage Duba; the one told by *Tun-in-gi-na*, a woman-child. The two tales are on a battlefield. Then Shage Duba rises. He says: "Elder brothers, venerable ones, I appeal to you. The *zhinga-zhinga* that I captured from the Yanktonais does not talk straight. In the mouth of the *zhinga-zhinga* are nests of lies. They hatch fast. They have many young ones. Elder brothers, I will tell you why this is: The *zhinga-zhinga* has grown older. She has a big heart for the enemy, the Yanktonai brave. My eyes saw it even in the time-that-is-past. My ears heard her sighs. She fell and said a rattlesnake bit her, that her brave might escape! The elder brothers have good heads. They now know why the maid has made the crooked talk to hurt one of her kinsmen; to put shame on his lodge."

Then the elder brothers grunt, "*Ugh*," and then my father is asked to speak. I see the knives moving uneasily beside the warriors. *Numpa*, the fear, sits in the lodge. It is in my head that my tongue might have rested in the mouth tipi. It puts fear in my heart that brothers may fight brothers. Yet when I think of what Shage Duba said about the snake-bite my face gets hot like the hot stones in the medicine bath. It is true yet it makes me angry that he knows my heart! I hate him.

Long the elders and my father talk. They all seem to be on the side of Shage Duba. I see my mother stiffen up like a she-wolf when somebody touches her cubs. Yes, thy cub has been touched, O mother. But thy cub has grown. She is no longer a cub that takes milk from a soft, furry side. She is a young mother wolf.

The elders are preparing to go out and leave my father in scorn. Quickly as an arrow darts toward the heart of a deer a thought comes to my head tipi. I rise. I ask, "Elder brothers, ye have said that I did not tell it straight. May I speak?" Then the elder brothers say, "*Ugh*. She shall speak. It is better if we have no strife."

Then I say, "Make Shage Duba bring the ghost robe. I will show the holes in it where I dragged it by the crooked stick. Ye all know he has never unfolded it; that the eyes of none of the tribe have ever seen the *sacred ghost robe* of the great *hero*, the Shage Duba!" Then I make a mark in the earth by the fire. I make the shape of the hole in the robe. I say, "If the shape of the hole is different then I have not told it straight. I will live alone. I will go to the lodges of the coyotes."

Again the old men grunt. Their eyes ask questions of Shage Duba. His face is of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk. Yet he knows he must speak.

"Would the elder brothers ask to see the ghost robe? The one that was wrapped around the awful *ga-ja-zhe*? I could not put shame on the Wa-kon-dah who sent it to me! It would bring famine and sickness to the tribe to let the eyes of others look at it.—I have spoken." He sits again. My tongue will not stay in my mouth. I stick it out at him. I make my face very ugly. Then the red comes back into his face. All at once it seems that a deer sinew has snapped. The elder brothers shake. They laugh

and Shage Duba rises angrily to go out into the night. My mother sits back softly but my father speaks:

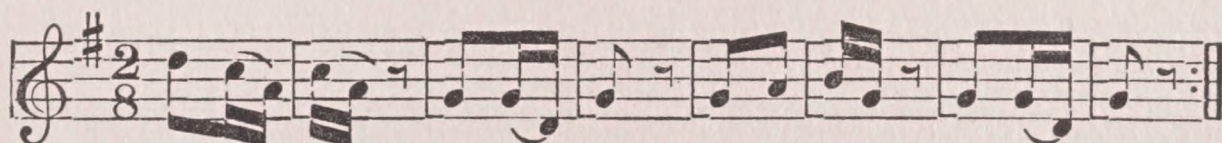
“The robe must be brought to the chief.”

So the chief bids the herald go with Shage Duba to his lodge and bring the magic robe that all may see it. So it is brought. But Shage Duba has a smooth tongue. He talks much. His words are strong like a stream in early rain-time. After a time the chief puts the robe with the sacred pack. None may open it. Only the priests may carry it. But now I know they all think I tell it straight. Yet they feel sorrow for the foolish Shage Duba. And they fear a little, too.

After this all my friends will stand in the firelight and laugh and say, “See the snake-hair! Wagh! We are giants. See our robes change from white to green! See our Two Faces. See our big ears. We must get the great hero, the Shage Duba, to help us. He is a great warrior! *Ena!*”

We do this many times till all the people laugh. Sometimes we call Shage Duba “Ghost Robe” now. But we always run to some elder brother before he catches us. I do not want my hair pulled.

I like to think that in the time-to-come I shall find Old Leader and my pack. All the children come to me to get me to tell about how I escaped. Little White Buffalo and I are heart friends. The one who ran away with Standing Antler was her grandmother. We are the story-tellers. We have traveled much. All the children wish that in the time-to-come we may find the Big Voice and his four little ones. We could teach them to play *The Crooked Path*.



And we could play *The Litter* on winter nights when we are warm inside the lodge; or we could pull out the straws of the joint grass without breaking the pile.

My little sister says, "Elder sister, where is Kage, the Yanktonai that saved you?" And I say "We shall know in the time-to-come. Our mother looked

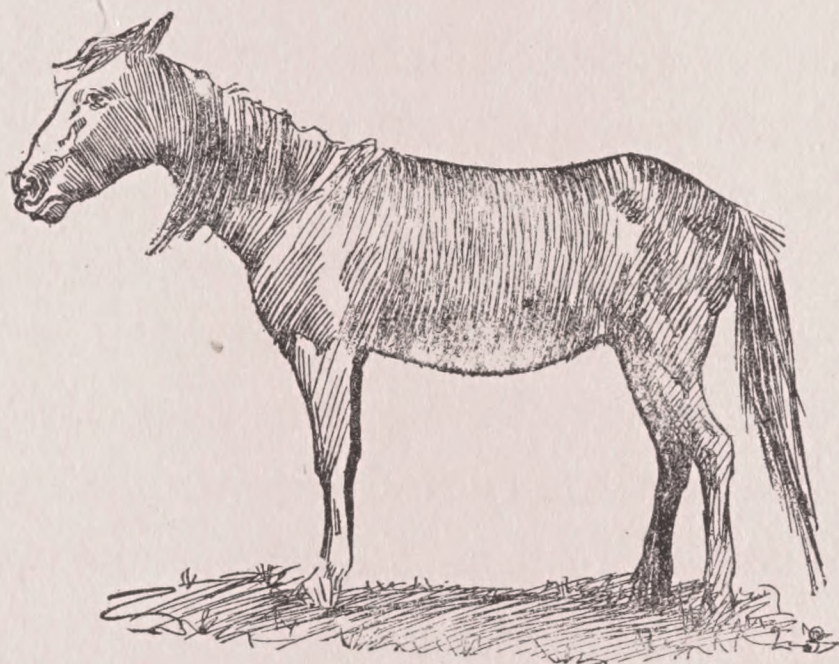
into that time one day in the earth house. She saw much that is not for small ears."

(If I tell more the little sisters will think they have as much inside their head tipis as I have in mine. Then they would not do as I tell them to do. It is not good to tell too much to little ears.)

I will tell you: We are to see the people whose faces are of the color of the inner layer of the corn husk. But a black shadow and wars and much wailing come first.

There is a very, very old grandmother in the tribe. She gets angry and hits us with sticks if we are rude or lazy or if we do not put the beads on our work carefully. But she never hits me. She says she will tell me all the long tales about my mother; of the brave deed she did to save our people from war with the Pawnees. When it is in my ears it will sleep there long. Then I will tell you. But now I must go to the hill-top to give a prayer of thanks to the Great Spirit because we are all happy in the camp circle again. My pony rubs his head on my shoulder and my little dog licks my hand. The good sun shines on all the land. The gardens grow and all things are good.

The soft summer winds pat our bare bodies as we play around the stream. The grasses nod and speak to us. The leaves laugh and say Ma-ha words. The cottonwoods talk most. But the willows weep



and moan till they make me sad. When they weep too much I dry my body with sweet-grass. I put on my garments. I leave the stream that is troubled by the sobbing willow. There are some good strong oaks on the hillside. I take my bead work and sit under the oaks. If the oak leaves tell us of trouble they tell us how to get out of it. That is better than weeping. But the leaves and prairie grasses all rustle with happy words now. Squirrels play

in the oaks. Crickets chirp in the long grass. Grasshoppers jump as we let our moccasins come near. I sit on a flat rock under a big oak. Far away rolls the river. I see a high hill-top beside it. That puts a thought into my head: I have known sorrow, so when the sun walks again I shall go to the hill-top and "stand sleeping" as my mother once did. After that the Wa-kon-dah will speak to me. He will send me a sign. That will be my help always. I call it my "medicine." I wonder what it will be?

Now the oak leaves, the wind, and the grasses talk. All the sounds of the silence are saying something. What is it? Ah! It is "Good-bye."

A-ga-geth



GLOSSARY

A'bae, when one man or a few men hunt alone.

A'-ga-geth, Good-bye.

Big Voices, the Winnebagoes.

Cat-that-lives-in-the-High-Hills, Rocky Mountain lion.

Da'-di-ha, My father (addressed).

Earth House, *See* Mun-thin'-ti.

Ga-ja-zhe, fairies, the "little people."

Game of "The Crooked Path," Follow My Leader.

Game of "The Litter," Cat's Cradle.

Ha'-kug-thi? the call of the whip-poor-will.

He-ba'-zhu, Knobby Horns.

I'-u-tin (E'-oo-tin), the game of Bowl and Counters.

Ka'-ge (Kah'-gay), friend.

Ki-kon'-thi (Ki-kong'-thi), the curlew (It cries its name).

Ma'-ha, Omaha.

Me'-tun-in-gi, Light of the New Moon.

Mi-ka'-he, hair-brush made of stiff grass.

Mi'-ka-çi, the wolf dance. It makes warriors brave to dance it.

Mon'-sa (Mong'-sa), a boaster.

Monx-pi' (Monks-pee'), clouds.

Mun-thin'-ti (**Earth House**), lodge where the people go at times for religious rites.

Ni-u'-ta-che (**Muddy Water**), the Missouri. "They Who Come Floating Down Dead." Also called Nishu'-de-ke, Turbid Water.

Non'-zhin-zhon (Nong'-zhing-zhong), to "stand sleeping,"—something like being confirmed in church. All the boys must take the rite when they are old enough to know what

sorrow is. The Omahas say, "When their minds have become white." Girls *may* "stand sleeping" if they wish to do so.

Non'-be zHINGA (Nong'-be zHINGA), little hands.

Nug'-the, a wild potato.

Num'-pa, fear.

On'-pon (Ong'-pong), the Elk.

Pa'-thin (Pa'-thing), the Pawnees.

Pit-a-le-shar'-u, a well-known and benevolent Pawnee chief.

Plant-that-looks-like-tripe, mushroom.

Roots-that-orphan-boys-eat, artichokes.

Shage' Duba, Four Hoofs.

Shu, the prairie chicken.

Smoke-on-the-earth, the mist.

Stha-thu', the rattlesnake.

Ta-be'-hi, "New Jersey Tea," made from leaves of *Ceanothus americanus*.

Te' ha, Permit me.

The-face-hidden-in-darkness, the dusk.

The-Star-That-Moves-Not, North Star.

Thi-um'-ba, the lightning.

Ti'-hu-kon, the smoke-hole of a tipi.

Ton'-won-peZHI (Tong'-wong-peZHI), Bad Village.

Ton'-won-ton-ga (Tong'-wong-ton-ga), Large Village.

Tun'-in-gi-na, New Moon Girl.

Two Faces, "Bogie Man," "Black Man."

U'-he, a mortar for pounding corn, etc.

Um'-bag-the, corn and beans cooked together, cooled, then sliced.

U-thu'-hu, cradle.

Wa-kon'-dah, Omaha Great Spirit.

Wash-na, the tenderest portion of the buffalo.

Wa-thon' (Wa-thong'), leader elected by the Council of Seven Chiefs to take charge of the Omahas during the summer buffalo hunt.

Wa'thske, a mixture of pounded corn, buffalo marrow and honey.

Wa-zhin' (Wa-zhing'), the will; the spirit.

We'-ba-zha-be, tool made from leg bone of elk—used to scrape meat from hides.

Wi-ni'-the, my girl child (spoken of by father).

Wi-zhun'-ge, my girl child (spoken of by mother).

Yanktonais, a band of the Dakotas.

Zhinga-zhinga, a baby, a "little little."

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